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THE STORY OF LESPINASSE.

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I.

LFIRST met Clarence Lespinasse when he was a young man of twenty-two. He was then remarkably handsome, and I think that all the changes that afterward fell upon his visage never really robbed it of this inherent beauty.

He had an oval face, with eyes of a dark, liquid blue, at times exquisitely luminous, and shining amber hair, which curled about his temples in those lines of grace we are apt to call classic, or even divine, if we see them on the heads of the famed Greek statues. There was yet no hint of beard on his smooth-moulded cheek and chin.

His figure was almost below medium height and of extreme slenderness. He had no presence, as the phrase goes. You had to look at him twice before you recognized what an enchanting beginning nature had made in that brow and hair and profile. Then, too, his walk, his gesture, his carriage had not a trace of dignity or felicity. He was not awkward; he was simply without note or distinction, as regards movement and posture.

But when he spoke, his rich, sweet tones instantly won you. At once, you felt that the soft, sonorous melody of such a voice as his was in perfect correspondence with the poetic countenance of which it, indeed, seemed a charming vocal expression.

I had met him by the merest chance, one evening, at the reception of a certain Mrs.

Cynthia Abernethy, a lady that supported her family through newspaper work and delighted in having "evenings" at her little basement house in Fifty-eighth street.

The most extraordinary people came to Mrs. Abernethy's evenings. They were true outgrowths of New York Bohemianism. This was a good while ago, and our big metropolis had not as yet awakened to any vague sense of a literary society. If you went to Mrs. Abernethy's, you were almost certain to be ignorant that the Amsterdams or the Van Twillers were holding their select patrician revels elsewhere. New York aristocracy had not yet transpired, so to speak, in the current newspapers. Our social snobbery confined itself within far narrower limits. The Jenkinses did not go about then as now, seeking "items" for their gossipy columns. Occasionally, you heard that Mrs. Brown or Miss Jones was making a hard struggle for position, and covering herself, in consequence, with the ludicrous odium that always must be inseparable from efforts of this kind, and that must always carry so pitiful a meaning in a republic self-sworn against these follies.

But, as a rule, such efforts were rare; the craze for fashionable prominence had yet scarcely begun on the part of newly-gilded millionaires. Extreme mental cultivation was rather disdained by so-called nabobs, as being "booky" and a trifle vulgar. If Clarence Lespinasse had ever received notice and tribute in those days from the self-styled potentates, I am very sure that his good looks, far more than his brains, would have secured him such favor.

But he would probably have spurned it

with coolest indifference, had it come. He could never have joined that ambitious little throng that is now yearly growing larger in New York, the body of young journalists, and of pen-wielders in more serious causes, that are constantly pushing their way among circles enlivened but by frivolous and pretentious enjoyment.

I am confident that no enticements held out to him by the irreproachably-tailored, polo-playing, coach-driving, daintily-dining cliques of his own set would have for a day or an hour allured him, even if the period of his early youth had not been, one by necessity freed from these and similar temptations. He immediately struck me, after talking with him for some little time there in Mrs. Abernethy's crowded drawing-rooms, as a young man filled with but a single, quiet yet passionate purpose.

And how bold, how overweeningly self-trustful, how prophetic of ruinous future disappointments that purpose then appeared! It was all comprehended by an ardor of desire to enroll his name high among the poets of his era and country.

He made no assuming vaunt that he would ever succeed in this achievement. Indeed, he was so free in the fluent, lucid drift of his converse, from all boastfulness whatever, that, while he gave you the clearest perception of his own innate security and determination, you forgot how daring was the element that entered into both, and were willing to accredit him with an excellent modesty, because you found no traces of vainglory or conceit.

"All the time I can seize from other less congenial pursuits," he soon told me, "I expend in efforts to study the art in which I cannot help a great longing to excel."

He had already so pleased me by his fair face, his rhythmical voice, and his evident sincerity, that perhaps our subsequent friendship and intimacy took its beginning from those first moments during which we quietly sounded each other's depths. He afterward confessed as much, and even said to me, a year or so later:

"My dear Z—, I should never have unbosomed myself to you with the sudden candor I used, if you had not promptly affected me by the force of a friendly and natural sympathy."

"May I ask you, Mr. Lespinasse," I now

said, "what is the uncongenial pursuit to which you refer?"

"Certainly you may," he replied, with his peculiar, fascinating smile, which was like some inward elfin light creeping along the pure line of his lips and then breaking into a soft, warm brilliance there. "I am a clerk in a Wall street banking house, L— & Company's; you doubtless know it."

"Oh, yes," I said.

"The chance of getting this position came to me rather unexpectedly, after leaving college two years ago. My father, who has since died, generously gave me a college education at Columbia, though his means were so slender that the effort he made well deserves to be called a noble one.

"On his death, which occurred just after my graduation, I was left with no near kindred and with the acute necessity of at once trying some mode of self-support. I might have slipped into a newspaper office. It was so easy and supposable a course for a fellow with my scribbling instincts. But I refrained. I seemed to realize the cheapening results of such a step. I could learn glibness and facility there, but would I not lose both freshness and fire in the cause of letters? I had already made up my mind that there is the same difference between literature and journalism as between frescoing and wall papering.

"Luckily, I have never been a dolt at figures. I get along very creditably with L— & Co. It is dull, but I have resolved to endure its dullness. I have no doubt that my employers will gradually raise my salary. They are pleased with me, as it is, and the method and routine to which I conform are a wholesome discipline. It appears odd to you, no doubt, that a man who admits poetry to be the aim and incentive of his life, should resignedly accept ledgers and the multiplication table. But for the present I use this occupation as a ladder. I find it a stout one; it bears me very effectually. If it ever should land me on firm heights, I should have no conscience about kicking it away."

I gave a rather skeptical little laugh just here.

"You're very right in being so circumspect," I said. "It's my belief that you will never kick away your ladder; for if the firm heights to which you refer are those of

poetical fame, your goal may be reached without finding there any worldly funds by which the tenancy may be perpetuated."

He nodded, somewhat gravely.

"I understand," he said. "But there have been poets in the world whose verses brought them wealth as well as renown."

"I hope you may rank among that fortunate few," I said, laughing.

He looked at me full, with his sweet, powerful eyes.

"I mean to be, if I can," he replied.

There was not a hint of undue self-reliance in the words; they conveyed nothing, so far as I could discover, except a gentle and yet severe simplicity of conviction. They implied the vast labor needful to accomplish his object, and the willingness to spare no arduous effort; but I wholly failed to see that then, or at any time during our conversation, he had protruded upon me that faith in his own potent and intuitive endowment that the ordinary callow verse-writer finds it by no means difficult to suggest.

"Pshaw," I told myself, while I walked home from Mrs. Abernethy's reception that evening, "I've somehow been bewitched into an enthusiasm for this handsome young stripling, whose iambics may hobble as lamely as if they were the product of some amateur album-scribe."

But I soon had reason to renounce these doubts. Lespinasse, after one or two more meetings with me, asked if I would spend an evening in his own apartments. I readily consented; I had the feeling of interest that is conveyed by any prospect so widely dubious that it includes both the possibility of keen disappointment and that of stimulating satisfaction.

I expected to be shocked in either one of two ways: I had made up my mind that Lespinasse would either astonish me delightfully or plunge me into forlorn reveries on the mighty hallucinations by which humanity may become ensnared. I had concluded that there would not be the least intermediate neutrality about my young friend's attainment; and I proved thoroughly right.

He read three brief lyrics, in his exquisite voice, and with an intelligence of expression, modulation, climax, and general elocutional value that I never found him to lack in his treatment of his own or the poetry of any other author. I kept a discreet, critical

silence after he had ended. I wished to hear more. I had been strongly moved, but I feared to unleash my enthusiasm, lest some later reason for disapproval, or even censure, should make me regret too hasty an admiration.

"Have you not something longer, more ambitious?" I asked, concealing the pleasure he had given me under as phlegmatic an *aplomb* as I could muster.

"Oh, yes," he said, smiling. "I have a rather copious poem of the idyllic sort, and a dramatic one, which is surely more than a hundred lines, if it is ten."

"Read me the idyl first," I said. "Is it in blank verse?"

"Yes," he answered.

And most winsome, harmonious, and dulcet blank verse it proved. The subject was levity itself, though handled with a tenderness, a felicity, a novelty of metaphor and fancy that delighted me by its mingled grace and firmness. It did not seem informed by what in poetry we call an individual "manner"; nothing that I ever heard of Lespinasse's appealed to me in that way. And yet it was devoid of echoes from the noted living or dead poets. It suggested a music dependent in creation upon past influences, while revealing the distinct force of no special one that I could definitely fix upon. It was to be judged and enjoyed for its own beauty and spontaneity, without concern for any stamp of personal, authentic fatherhood. I liked it all the better on this account.

I have always been a believer in the art that finely veils the worker behind the work, and of which, after gaining keen pleasure from its charms, we forgot to say, "Who was the writer?" in our swift praise of what has been written. Something of this sort I now candidly told Lespinasse, while I spoke with glistening eyes and eager commendation of the mellow and musical lines just heard.

His face clouded a little as the sense of my criticism struck him, and he presently said, in tones more deliberate than he was wont to employ:

"There must be truth in what you tell me. I have often felt, myself, that I lack the power to stamp my work, as it were, *with* myself."

"But you imitate no one of whom I can think," I continued.

"Perhaps not," he returned meditatively. The shade on his face now became one of actual sadness as he proceeded:

"If I ever fail of the poet's fame, this absence of a decisive and characteristic utterance may be a chief reason for my failure. But it is needless to seek a distinction of this elusive kind. Many things do not come to the most heaven-born of poets unstudied and unsought. But no study or no seeking can give him this. He might as well try to entrap a moonbeam, so that he could wear it on his finger in the milky disc of a pearl."

"And how you must have both sought and studied!" I exclaimed, following the fashion of all critics, who begin by a mood of cavilling, even when they are bent upon eulogy. "Your work impresses me as avoiding a hundred mistakes against taste or fitness in every single line. And you are so young! It is amazing! If you do so brilliantly now, what may you not hope to do hereafter?"

"Ah! my hopes have no bounds," he answered gently.

When, a little while afterward, he had read me the dramatic poem which dealt with an oriental episode and had passionate love for its ruling theme, my wonder broke forth in fervent encomiums. The whole story, lurid and yet human, tragic and yet fraught with both sympathy and naturalness, thrilled me no less by its pathos than by its power.

"You will succeed," I said to him, with an earnestness that surprised myself, because so long a time had elapsed since any new poetry had roused me beyond a judicial tolerance of it.

"Yes, you are certain to succeed, Lespinasse. The right fire is in both your brain and heart. It is merely a question of working and waiting. Trust me as an old book-worm, a veteran butterfly that has dipped, during its time, into the hearts of many poetic flowers. Yours is fresh, with the sun and the rain upon it, and with a curve of petal, a sweetness of fragrance, that will yet bring many a devout saunterer to your garden!"

II.

SEVERAL years went by, and Lespinasse still continued his orderly, admirably-

arranged life. He was promoted at the banking-house, and received a much ampler salary than heretofore. But with an extraordinary discipline of self he managed to keep his worldly aims divided from his idealistic ones.

During two or three successive summers he was allowed a vacation, when he traveled abroad. Before his thirtieth year, he married and chose a wife whose intellectual gifts must have been as comforting to him as were her undoubted physical ones. But she died, most suddenly and wofully, at the birth of her first child, who breathed only a few hours.

I was constantly with Lespinasse during this agonizing interval; for we had now become, in spite of our unequal ages, the closest friends. I saw the bitter distress through which he passed, and I saw, too, with what calm, patient, inflexible philosophy he at length mastered it.

The splendid control he used was born of his art alone. He had loved his wife dearly, but he loved his muse—shall I say more? Well, if not more, with a different love, allegiant, unswerving, almost chivalric in its intensity, and assuredly very beautiful and sincere.

His poetic career had thus far been an absolute nullity. He had published two books of poems, which had attracted no particular attention whatever. In England, he was still quite unknown. Here I did my best to win for him that small, appreciative constituency that has been, with many reputations, like the marble portico built before the temple itself has been reared. But I found my attempt wholly fruitless.

There were Stryke, Stabb, and Flaye, all more or less friends of mine, and all men of critical importance. If either of them had written over his own signature, his opinions would have carried little enough weight. But each, as it chanced, could ambuscade himself behind some especial "organ," whose authority at once dignified his utterances. I suspected from the first that the silence that this trio of writers maintained regarding Lespinasse had its origin in my liking for him. It was the silence of charity. They did not wish to offend me by decrying the work of one that I admired.

Especially was this true of old Flaye, who often saw me at the club to which we both

belonged, who was chronically impecunious, and whom I had, on frequent occasions, assisted by "advances," which were, no doubt, gratefully opportune. I used to tell myself that I would make Flaye my next loan only on the proviso of his restraining his venom hereafter in the case of young authors.

He was himself by no means a young author. He had published several volumes of verse and prose, and had gained that disheartening kind of celebrity that is overlooked in all ordinary discourse on the literary movement of one's time, and is only politely recollected by a mention of decent, but unobtrusive length in a few biographical lists of contemporary writers. He knew all the poets that had ever rhymed in English, from Chaucer to Tennyson. He possessed a strong admiration for the Elizabethan versifiers, and bowed down before something that he called "unaffected simplicity" in poetry. The consequence was that he had become a hater of all richness of epithet, vigor or boldness of thought, power or assertion in metrical diction.

But his rancor against originality in modern verse, when it took the form of a stirring, sensuous, vivid-hued treatment, resulted, as I felt convinced, from one sole source, disappointment. Flaye had never found it in himself to write anything except bland, facile, tepid little lyrics and blank verse monotones. He had failed to win the least surely green and glossy laurel, and I believe that no one recognized his complete perishability as a poetaster more acutely than he did himself. But now and then his acrid pen would forget its easy distribution of poisonous epigram, and record a line or two of favorable comment in behalf of some younger rival, who had dared to deal liberally with adjectives or used fervor of expression with an untrammeled freedom.

Flaye hated an adjective, as all little critics and little poets infallibly do. The ancient canons bid us to avoid them as much as we can; and people like Flaye, who have nurtured and trained their slight ability by recognized rules alone, can never comprehend the inevitable truth of how all real genius thrives and prospers on a contempt for the mere dicta of the schools.

Flaye belonged entirely to the schools; they had made him; he would never have

been even Flaye, with his effete, motto-paper little quatrains about the spectres of feelings and ideas, rather than feelings and ideas themselves, unless rote, and method, and accepted axiom had taught him all that he could ever attain. His little painted cockle-shell had been stranded by the big ocean of public approval, long ago.

He felt this, though a few sympathetic waves yet pulsed round the wreck, and at times with so lavish a surge that they almost assured him it was still afloat. And hence he could never believe that the great craft sailing intrepidly out to sea were so very much more capable of floating than himself.

I don't doubt that he honestly detested Lespinasse's verse. Its virility challenged the effeminateness of his own. Its magnificent promise made the collapse of what he had once thought an equally vital prophesy take only more somber outlines of defeat. There was one thing that poor old Flaye (now in his sixty-eighth year) could never forgive a rising writer; that was an unquestionable evidence that such writer confronted him with those means and agencies toward success, in avoiding which he had himself secured the warrant of coming oblivion.

I wanted Flaye to "write up" Lespinasse, to give him a handsome, valiant start; but I never induced him to do so. I might have made it a question of gratitude, but this point of approach was one that I stoutly avoided. He would always say to me, under his ample white moustache, which gave him, with his ruddy cheeks and blue, benevolent eyes, an expression of so much gentleness and amiability:

"No, I sha'n't puff that fellow. I won't pitch into him though, because he's your friend. I might, if it were not for that. There's a good deal that I might say, Z——, but I won't say it."

"There's a good deal you might say," I answered, "that would be favorable and yet entirely just."

"Humph! So you think," growled Flaye.

One was never led to believe him in the least kind-hearted when one heard him talk. The illusion of the white moustache and the azure eyes and the tinted cheeks fled speedily enough before those tart, testy, nasal tones of his.

"But one ray of the pure diamond, you know, is worth all the flashy paste in the world, my friend."

"It isn't worth the dew," I retorted, "when it sparkles in the sun, however."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Flaye. "You don't mean that you compare anything so artificial, so filigreed, so frequently Asiatic in its pomposity of color, to the chastity and lowliness of a dew drop! Well, I sometimes think that the prejudice of approbation is a good deal blinder, after all, than the prejudice of hatred."

"And the prejudice of jealousy," I made mental answer, "is often blinder than either."

But I did not express this sentiment aloud. What would have been the use?

Meanwhile, Stryke and Stabb were both just as averse as their *confrère* to printing a line of commendation concerning Léspinasse. But, thanks to their intimacy with me, they reserved the thunderbolts of their disesteem.

Stryke had started with vast ambitions, about twenty years ago, as a writer of poetic tragedies. One of his most trusted masterpieces had sustained the rigors of a "first night," I believe, in some New York theater, since either dismantled or burned; but that ordeal had crushed it; it had never seen a second night, and its mates (now consigned to the dusky limbo of a chest in his lodgings) had never seen any night at all. His present severity toward new poets that showed the least dramatic tendency, was proverbial among his fellows.

Stabb had begun with mild disaster as a novelist, flickered feebly as a poet, failed lamentably as a maker of that elusive and seemingly impossible bit of art called the genuine American comedy, and at last had found his *métier* in criticism. He had made numerous foes, and not a few of these had declared his animus against them to be often devilish. If so, the path that he had trodden thus far through his literary life certainly carried out the full infernal simile; for, beyond doubt, it was paved with many good artistic intentions.

I watched Léspinasse well through this period of his prolonged and monotonous neglect. The wound wrought by his wife's death had healed as much as it could ever heal. Some of his friends asserted that he

had coldly forgotten her, but I knew to the contrary. His suffering had mellowed, humanized, and expanded him as an artist; it had informed his song with new reaches and altitudes of sympathy, insight, philanthropy, and large-heartedness.

He now seemed to me, against the inseparable cloud of his gloomy memories, to tower with all the majesty of most noteworthy genius. His sorrow had made him wiser and stronger, instead of debilitating and overthrowing him. He had put it to a divine use. You could easily fancy that you heard the flow of its tears in the liquid ripple of his more recent song. And he had never lost the least faith in his own capabilities.

"You amaze me, Léspinasse," I said to him, one day, after he had read me a poem of extraordinary feeling and force.

"And why?" he asked.

"Because this undeserved obscurity," I answered, "which clings about you like a stealthy, blurring, and yet intangible fog, appears never to set the least deadening touch upon your energies."

"You tell me it is an undeserved obscurity," he replied slowly, while the old loved smile lit his face, now more lined and matured than I cared to reflect upon. "Between you and me, at this late hour, there can slip no misunderstanding; and, hence, you will grasp just my meaning, no more and no less than my meaning, when I tell you that I do believe this obscurity undeserved. But my consolation is a very sure one. The indifference does not come from myself. It comes from my time."

"I do not live in an age when poetry holds anything like a sovereign place among civilized men. She is now a dethroned and an exiled queen. This latter part of our nineteenth century is one intellectual ferment of inquiry after scientific fact. People forget the beauty of truth, they are so anxious for the solidity and sternness of accurate fact. Poetry must wait awhile. She is as certain to reign again as the sun of to-morrow is certain to shine."

"And, meanwhile, this doubt-stung, turbulent age delights itself (I should say, eases and reposes itself) with music and painting. Both are arts below poetry, more sensuous, less mentally exacting. To-day, painting wins (however much those that claim that

religion alone inspired her to supreme results may deny it) a noble ascendancy. As for music, go and watch the throngs that hang spell-bound in our own halls and those of Europe, upon opera, symphony, oratorio. But, while the artist and the composer thrive, if they have talent and desert, how does it fare with the poor poet?"

Here he paused, with a laugh full of meaning melancholy.

"The poet," he went on, "must drudge in a banking-house, perhaps in a grocer-shop, unless he be willing to accept starvation resignedly."

"But, Lespinasse," I here warmly ventured, "the poet that writes verses like those you have just read me, so teeming with a love and charity toward his kind, so opulent in pity for our faults and our temptations, yet so morally, but never preachingly and priggishly apart from them, cannot fail to secure both hearing and appreciation. Write more poetry like that which you have just read me. Put it all into a book, and once more try your chances!"

He stretched forth his hand, clasping my own.

"Dear friend," he said, "I have had the same thought myself. *I will* try, but it may take a long while."

"No matter. You are still in your prime. Do it. I want to see you succeed."

He still kept my hand in his. He was looking at me very intently with his altered, but still luminous and soulful eyes, as he softly said :

"I want to succeed also; but, somehow, not as I once wanted. The ambition of youth has died away from me. If ever success should come now, it would not rouse the thrills that once so eagerly waited it. Another feeling has crept into my heart. I think less of myself, more of the unhappy millions that surround me on this tortured and accursed little planet. Do you understand? It is what my powers may do in help and comfort for others, rather than what they may do in renown and *réclame* for myself, that now occupies me."

I pressed the hand that still held my own, and felt a mist come between my gaze and the calm, sculptural face of him that spoke.

"You are great," I murmured, "and the world will one day rise to hail you so. I

only hope that when it does you may still be among the living."

III.

Two years later, Lespinasse published his third book of poems. He had many others not included within this volume, but he chose to reserve them. Those that he now printed were called, cumulatively, "Songs of Sorrow and Hope," a title whose touch of what might so easily be laughed at as sentimentality made me dread for it much scorn, if not actual invective as well.

But the book turned out one of those instant popular triumphs for which there would seem no human capacity of prediction. It sold rapidly by the thousands, both here and abroad, some of the English journals hailing Lespinasse, with loud acclaim, as the newest, but very far from the least, of real American poets.

Nothing that he wrote could be merely a success among the great mob; his consummate elegance and brilliancy of style prevented that. He might set the common, popular heart throbbing quicker and fire the emotions of people whom little choice reading ever reached; but, while doing this, he was certain to surpass entirely, in other directions, their powers of nicer valuation and perception. The conscientious laborer, whose wage is often airy enough gold, since it drifts to him from cloudland, breathed in everything that left Lespinasse's hand. He might circulate among multitudes, but his metal would always be of the purest, and with a royal stamp upon it.

The "Songs of Sorrow and Hope" gave him a sudden, and yet enormous, vogue.

"You have proved yourself wrong," I said to him, "in declaring that the Muses are out of fashion just at present. Or, if they were, you have brought them in again. Everybody is talking of your book, and everybody is asking about you.

"And it is no ephemeral celebrity either. You have gone up like a rocket, it is true; but you will stay up like a star. I have no doubt that even Stryke, Stabb, and Flaye will all write pleasantly about you now. That would be quite in the order of things. To annihilate the weak is a very different matter from braving the strong; or, in other words, stemming the tide of public opinion.

Few newspapers care to do that, and Stryke, Stabb, and Flaye are all a part of the newspapers, you know."

But I soon observed, with a kind of creeping wonder, that in this, the hour of his magnificent success, Lespinasse had begun to show an unaccountable languor and pre-occupation. And then fear swiftly took the place of my astonishment. The mystery was soon explained, and in the saddest of all manners. My friend's face, with its increasing pallor and the hollowness of his cheeks, on which every new day seemed to exert a more alarming yet furtive change, soon told the whole wretched story. He had been seized with that fierce and fleet curse, galloping consumption.

"I am ill," he said to me. "I am coughing myself to death at night. I must go somewhere, for change of air, for some sort of change, or I shall die."

These words from him almost stunned me. The alteration in him had been so frightfully sudden. He had arranged for his departure before he spoke with me. The doctors had told him that Bermuda would be best for him at that especial season. It was then winter.

I eagerly volunteered my companionship to Bermuda. But while our arrangements for departure were being made, he was seized with a terrible hemorrhage. This attack almost killed him, but he rallied from it, and appeared so well for a month afterward that I almost believed him on the road to recovery.

His book had, in the meantime, gained new honors. An English quarterly, noted alike for its acumen and sobriety on all questions, had printed an article filled with cordial recognition of his talents. This was the very apex of recognition.

"You will publish your other poems now," I said. "In a little while these will aid your fame, which is already so great."

"I shall never publish another book," he answered.

And he never did. One day I found him seated in his room, gazing with placid eyes at a heap of ashes in his grate.

"They are all the poems I have written," he said to me, "apart from those I have published."

"Good God!" I cried to him. "Are you mad?"

"No, not mad," he answered; "only sensible."

"Sensible, Lespinasse!"

"Yes." His pale, changed face was full of an untold sweetness. "I am dying, dear friend," he said. "I feel it; I know it. All those other poems were fine and grand enough, but they had neither soul nor heart in them. We can't go to Bermuda together, you and I. We can never go anywhere together, dear friend. I haven't the strength. I realize that perfectly. I have come to the end of my tether. But I am satisfied. Let the world remember me, if it will, for what I tried to do in those songs of sorrow and hope."

"You have burned a grand reputation!" I cried, almost fiercely. "You have destroyed poems that the world would have worshiped hereafter!"

"Be it so," he answered.

He was lying on a couch as he spoke. His face was hueless, haggard, utterly altered from that of the man I had once known and loved—the man that I still loved dearly, and the perpetuation of whose poetic self before the world I still deeply desired.

"I have burned those poems because there was no sorrow and no hope in them," he went on. "They were simply works of art. Poetry has a great deal of art to help her. She has not much true sorrow, nor much of the true hope that I have tried to make spring from sorrow in my verse. You will say, perhaps, that the life of Lespinasse is a ruined life. But it is not true that my life is a ruined one. I have burned all that had no help in it for the suffering throngs on this earth. If I could have lived longer, I would have spoken to them, sung for them, with a voice of higher pitch and sweeter melody. But never, never, dear friend, think in after-time, when I am dead and gone, that the life of Lespinasse was a failure. Though this illness leveled and destroyed it, something remains to it for humanity. Mere greatness of art is nothing. It is best that I should have burned those verses. They might have helped my fame; but what is my fame among the few compared with the need of those whom my fame could never reach, nor aid, nor succor?"

He died a few days after this, suffocated by another bleeding at the lungs. He had burned all those poems, admirable, marvel-

ous, as I now assert them to be. He has left behind him simply that one book, the "Songs of Sorrow and Hope." To me, remembering his genius, his long effort, his study, his self-control, his spurning under foot all lighter diversions and recreations, the life of Lespinasse, viewed from a practical standpoint, must seem a futile failure. But I recall those last words of his. I think of those burned poems that might have made him one of the highest, the greatest, if only he had not chosen to destroy them. And now, while the world is forgetting that one book that it once so passionately cared for, I ask myself if the life of Lespinasse was really a failure or no.

It is hard to say. His book remains. He struggled; he endured; he felt not only the pangs of disappointment and rebuff; he felt those of a great sorrow, a poignant disappointment, as well. He loved and suffered, and this love and suffering taught him to sing with a new voice.

To me, remembering what he might have been if those poems had never been destroyed, all that he strove for seems an irony of defeat. And yet I can understand, from an opposite vantage of regard, how the life of Lespinasse, even with all those great poems in the ashes to which he relegated them, is far less of an actual failure than I often think it.

POPE AND CHANCELLOR.

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT TUTTLE.

SUCH is the term by which the ten years' conflict between church and state in Prussia must properly be designated. In the old days it was Pope and Kaiser, or the Pope and Caesar; and the duel between these two rent the Holy Roman Empire for centuries. "God has conferred two swords," said the Sachsenespiegel; "one, the spiritual, upon the Pope; one, the temporal, upon the emperor;" and as these two potentates thus divided between themselves the highest powers on earth, the jurists thought a vague formula would define and maintain an equitable line of division.

But this was impossible. The church was a mighty secular organization, as well as an ecclesiastical establishment. The head of the church was a temporal ruler. Three of its archbishops were electors and princes of the empire. The Holy Father claimed the right to depose offending kings.

Nor was Caesar any more willing to have his powers too narrowly drawn. His enterprises in Italy made him a political rival of the Pope. The ecclesiastical prerogatives of Rome came in conflict with his political prerogatives. And his claim to confer the lay investiture upon the bishops nominated by the Pope led to a long and bitter struggle, which each side recognized as a struggle for life and death.

And thus the battle went on. Sometimes it seemed to be caused by an attempt of the

church to encroach on the domain of the state; sometimes by an intrusion of the emperor on the spiritual functions of the Pope. The fortune of battle also inclined now toward the one side, now toward the other. In the eleventh century, Pope Gregory VII., the most arrogant and most aggressive of his class, compelled Henry IV. to kneel barefoot in the snow before the papal palace at Canossa, and humbly sue for peace. The Hohenstauffens redressed the balance, and after Boniface VIII., the power of the papacy began to decline.

But there was no sustained truce until the empire itself had become an empty frame, and the emperors mere relics of past glory. After the Reformation, when a good part of Germany became Protestant, and when the churches, Catholic as well as Protestant, took on the character of national churches, the issue between the two antagonists gradually assumed a different outward form, and was contested by different methods.

Now patriotic Prussians said that the duel between Pope and Chancellor was nothing but a revival of the undecided duel between Pope and Kaiser. Encouraged by the subserviency of the emperors of the House of Austria, who, after the Reformation, found it wise to seek more friendly relations with the papacy, and by the forbearance of the Protestant princes, who generally gave the Catholics great freedom, the church, they

say, adopted a subtle and refined policy, silently won privilege after privilege, and in the end reconquered by diplomacy much that it had lost in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In harmony with this supposed change of tactics, the popular ideal of the ambitious Catholic prelate began also to change. In the Middle Ages, he was a great secular potentate, the ruler of a principality, the commander of armies; he traveled in state; he strode into public assemblies with brilliant and powerful bands of retainers; and spoke openly in a voice of command. But in the nineteenth century, the favorite type was the Jesuit. Deceit, treachery, perfidy were supposed to be his weapons. He insinuated himself into the confidence of those that he intended to betray. He tricked weak and unsuspecting princes out of concessions that he had formerly, in vain, tried to extort by terror and violence. In spirit, however, he was believed to be the same; and the papacy was regarded as not less hostile to the state, to science, to civilization and progress than in the darkest period of the Middle Ages. The theory was that the church must surrender some of the powers that it had usurped, and that an effectual barrier must be set up against its further encroachments.

Early in the last decade, a number of circumstances concurred to re-open the conflict. The Pope's encyclical, with its syllabus of doctrines, was an audacious challenge to modern civilization, and then came the Ecumenical council, in which the Ultramontanes carried through the dogma of infallibility, against the protest of the wisest, most learned, and most devout members of the clergy. Nothing bolder had ever been attempted. One after another, the dissenting bishops gave in their adhesion, and it soon became apparent that society could expect little aid from schisms within the church. Most of the powers of Europe paid little attention to the new dogma, to which they refused to ascribe any practical importance; and, after occasional languid displays of interest in the Old Catholic movement, the excitement generally subsided.

One great power, however, refused to be pacified. This was Germany, the new Germany, the reunited Germany, the Germany that had just issued triumphant from a trial

of fire and blood. While the Ecumenical council was voting the decree that Pius IX. demanded, the armies of Germany were crushing the French empire; and the promulgation of the new dogma may be said to have been followed almost as a response by the proclamation of the new German empire.

Was this one of the great retributions of history? This is what patriotic Protestants liked to call it. They could explain at great length, and with genuine enthusiasm, how the Roman Catholic church, the enemy of all civilization, was the special enemy of that highest type of civilization found in educated, liberal, thoughtful northern Germany. It hated German public schools, German universities; and it dreaded, above all, German unity; for this meant a solid obstacle to its own pretensions. If the church had had this feeling in earlier decades, how much keener must be its alarm, and how much more active its hostility after 1866 and 1870, when, Austria excluded from the empire and France crushed, Prussia remained the dominant power in Germany. The new empire was stronger than that against which the mediaeval Popes had contended. It was an empire that had crushed the armies of the two chief Catholic powers of Europe. It was an empire reorganized under Protestant auspices. Of such a commonwealth, it seemed that the church could be only an enemy; and the more fervent anti-Catholics soon found that in Prince Bismarck they had a leader for the work of resistance.

It would be in vain to search for any serious overt acts on the part of the papacy aimed directly at the new institutions in Germany, and justifying the measures adopted by the state. Reckless as was the policy of the syllabus and the council, the Pope had too much sense to put himself openly forward as an aggressor. If, as Bismarck always urged, his own measures were purely defensive, they were so only in the large sense of precautions taken against danger. His was the statesmanship that aimed to anticipate attack, and it appealed for its vindication to history, to the alleged character of the papacy, to its known hatred of German unity, to the interests of secular society, to the indefeasible rights of the state. These were words that educated Germans understood.

But the cartoons, addressed to the general, unphilosophical public, preferred to represent the enemy as a roaring lion, or a hydra-headed monster, or some kind of a ferocious beast, while Bismarck, of course, appeared as Hercules, the champion. The club of Hercules was the symbol for the measures that the Chancellor passed through the legislatures.

There are two of these bodies, the Diet of Prussia and the federal Diet of the Empire, and each, as in our own political system, has its own sphere of action. The federal constitution enumerates the powers that fall within the jurisdiction of the empire; all others are reserved to the several states. But there is this difference: that in Germany the prime minister of Prussia, Bismarck, is also Chancellor of the empire, and can, therefore, wield two sets of legislative machinery. Where one set is unavailable or inadequate, he can use the other. Aside from constitutional distinctions, each has its own temper, characteristics, and methods; but alike in the legislature of the empire and in the legislature of Prussia, Bismarck held complete sway at the outbreak of the great conflict, a dozen years ago.

Not that there was wanting opposition. There were active debaters and at least one adroit party leader among the Catholic members, and they fought the Chancellor's measures at every step. I recall Mallinckrodt, a finished, graceful, and forcible speaker, formerly a high official in the civil service and a strenuous defender of the crown in the days when it was in conflict with the Prussian chambers, but who, resigning his office in order that he might be free to defend the cause of his religion, died in the midst of the fight. There was Schorlemer-Alst, a member of the Westphalian nobility, and a dashing cavalry officer, whose exasperating sarcasms used to make Bismarck writhe in anger. The brothers Reichensperger, public-spirited and useful citizens, liberals in politics before the religious issue was raised, and highly respected by everybody, were grave and decorous, but earnest critics of the new policy.

All of these were, however, overshadowed, if the apparent contradiction may be permitted, by the smallest man of all, Windthorst, the "Pearl of Meppen," as the newspapers

called him. He was the acknowledged leader of the Catholics in both legislatures, and a leader of unsurpassed ability. A puny little man, with a phenomenally ugly face and a sleepy manner, he led his forlorn hope year after year against the Chancellor and his majority, and in the end raised it in the Imperial Diet from a score or more to a compact force of over a hundred, which, at one time, held the balance of power. He had a wonderfully effective humor, which was often good-natured and pleasant, but which he could turn at will into the most caustic irony, which made the Liberal benches wince. He allowed no opportunity to escape him, was never thrown off his guard, and used parliamentary tactics with unrivaled skill. He was by far the most astute strategist developed by German parliamentary life. The "Center," as the Catholic opposition came to be known, was a formidable group, which even Bismarck learned to respect.

It must not, however, be assumed that the Center included, in either legislature, all that called themselves Catholics. There were many nominal members of the church that preferred first the interests of the state, and that steadily supported the ecclesiastical legislation. In the federal Diet, these were mainly South Germans, and especially Bavarians.

A typical man of this class was Prince Hohenlohe, a member of a family as old as the Hohenzollerns, who, as prime minister of Bavaria, kept that country on the right side in the war with France. He was rewarded with the post of German ambassador to Paris, and is now governor of Alsace-Lorraine.

Nor, on the other hand, did the Center include all the elements of opposition. The Polish members, though Catholics, formed a group by themselves, and fought the government on national, as well as on religious, grounds. And there was a formidable High Church Protestant element that looked on Bismarck's measures as attacks upon the principle of religious authority, and opposed them in the interest of their own sect. The leader of this party, in the federal Diet and in the upper house of the Prussian Diet, was Kleist-Retzow, a fiery but diffuse orator. A typical old Prussian Conservative, he made himself the champion of altar and throne,

which, he held, were equally menaced by the policy of the recreant Chancellor. And, from his point of view, he was undoubtedly right.

The battle opened vigorously on the part of the government. In the federal Diet, an act was passed expelling the Jesuits from the empire, while another measure, introducing obligatory civil marriage and civil registration of births and deaths, deprived the clergy of an important element of local influence, and a still more important source of revenue. In both of these measures, it may be observed, Germany only followed long behind the example of Catholic France. The second of the two also affected the Protestant clergy as directly as the Catholic.

In Prussia, the first move was to dismiss the old reactionist minister of education and public worship, and to put in his place Dr. Falk, a jurist in full sympathy with the new policy. He managed all the details of the parliamentary conflict, and it is from him that the various measures are, in England and America, called the "Falk laws." The Germans call them the "May laws," from the month in which a number of them were passed. Neither term is strictly exact or exhaustive.

Of the measures themselves, it is enough to say that they aimed to give the state a more complete control over the education, the appointment, and the ministrations of the clergy. Government inspectors were to visit the theological seminaries; a species of license was required of priests; and it is interesting to note that boycotting was made penal by an act forbidding the clergy to impose other than spiritual penalties; that is to say, a priest could not warn his flock against an offending grocer and thus injure his business.

Finally, when all these measures failed to subdue the clergy, and after all the bishops and many of the priests had gone into exile rather than submit, an act was carried through to suspend the payment of state moneys and the collection of local tithes in all refractory parishes. The "bread-basket law," this measure was called. As the state support could be recovered by any priest who made his submission and recognized the new order of things, the illustrated prints were fond of representing a basket of bread suspended in the air, with a group of

priests gazing longingly at it, and reflecting whether the prize was worth the sacrifice. Few of them yielded. The church showed a persistence and a self-denial that could not fail to inspire respect, whatever the opinion might be of the merits of the dispute.

The legislation stretched over a period of several years. The debates were interminable. An enormous amount of theological lore, of canon law, of political philosophy, was poured into the discussion. There was much buoyant rhetoric, much loud declamation. "We shall not go to Canossa," shouted Bismarck, in one of those sonorous phrases in which the man has so often voiced some great national aspiration. Little Laske, the fervid Hebrew, piped his shrill voice in harmony with his burly ally. Dr. Gneist hurled volumes of constitutional law at the enemy, and several other learned professors joined eagerly in the fray.

On the other side, Kleist-Retzow used to shout himself hoarse with denunciations of the Chancellor's anti-religious, anti-social, anti-monarchical policy; and I recall, even more distinctly, the thin, pale, scholarly face of Dr. Ewald, the historian of Israel, the Jeremiah of the Diet, to whose endless harangues the Liberals refused to pay even the respect due to so venerable, learned, and eminent a man.

In the meantime, Windthorst directed the Catholic opposition with masterly adroitness. He made few set speeches. He knew it was useless to contend with the hope of success against an overwhelming majority, and a hostile public sentiment. But he kept his forces under excellent discipline. He was prompt to seize a chance to put the government in the wrong, or, by a caustic retort, to cover it with ridicule. Year after year, he added to his numbers; year after year, the Center became a more formidable element in the Diet. The country began to lose its interest in the conflict, or, what was still more ominous, to reflect upon its wisdom and value.

In 1878, the turning point was reached. For a dozen years, Prince Bismarck had been acting with the Liberals. Some reform in local administration, the interests of imperial unity, and, more than all, the anti-clerical policy had bound them together. But there was never any real sympathy between the two; and when, in 1878, the

Chancellor proposed to return to the system of protection, the alliance was dissolved.

This was Windthorst's opportunity. The Liberals were wedded to free trade, which, for half a century, had been the policy of Germany. That policy could only be overthrown by the aid of the Catholic Center; and the Catholic Center was open to a bargain.

Probably no specific agreement was reached. Windthorst and the government agreed that there were no stipulations and no contract. But, in any event, the Center voted for the new fiscal measures, the Liberals were forced into opposition, and a readjustment of party relations followed. Even Dr. Falk, the minister who had borne the brunt of the ecclesiastical struggle, sent in his resignation and was ungraciously dismissed.

The church policy was not, of course, reversed. Many frictions continued to arise and Windthorst's tongue lost none of its sharpness. But the rigor that had originally marked the enforcement of the Falk laws was relaxed. The public instinctively felt that the reaction had set in. Negotiations were opened with the Vatican. Catholic bishops resumed their functions in Prussia; and, most astonishing of all, Germany invited the Pope to act as mediator in the

quarrel with Spain, and Bismarck sent a letter of thanks, in which he felicitated the Holy Father on his débüt in the appropriate rôle of peacemaker.

All of these things were significant, even while the Falk laws remained upon the statute book. They were undoubtedly advances made by the Chancellor for a reconciliation. So far as they indicated a changed spirit on the part of Prussia, they may also seem to indicate a victory of the church. After all, say the Liberals, Bismarck did go to Canossa.

But is that true? Not quite. So far as it was Bismarck's intention to crush the church in Prussia and make it sue for peace, his policy failed. But it must be kept in view that his measures were of two kinds. One class was intended to establish a permanent set of relations between church and state, while the other was merely coercive and temporary. The latter could, therefore, be repealed as soon as the church, in good faith, should accept the first set. It is about the conditions of such an arrangement that negotiations are still in progress. The final issue is still, therefore, in suspense. Not until the smoke of battle has all cleared away, the losses have been counted, and the treaty of peace signed can the full history be written.

CELESTINE.

BY JEAN RAMEAU.

THE sun was warm that day. It was pleasant to sit for hours idly resting in the shadow of the arbor.

Bernadon, a little old man, bowed and wrinkled, with a back so rounded and a head so low that he might have been taken for a vague, human interrogation point, sat doing nothing in the garden, by the side of the house in which he dwelt alone.

The house was a strange one. A miserably constructed building, flanked with cross structures and towers like a chateau, quite isolated in the middle of a plot of ground with uncertain boundaries, it stood in one of the richest quarters of the city.

Bernadon arose suddenly, and, speaking into the hollow of his hand, he said:

"With this repair, Celestine will do."

Celestine was the name the old man had given his house. He loved this old shed, which he had erected at different times with his own hands. He loved it much, this immense ruin that had cost him twenty thousand francs and was not worth four sous. With the tenderness of a bachelor deprived of the presence of woman, he had called it Celestine in his old age.

And Celestine was all his joy, filled his whole life.

This parody of a manor-house had the appearance of a squat old woman, and the large tower represented for Bernadon the head of his dear idol. He had made round openings high up on the façade, and he

mentally called them Celestine's eyes. He had recently given the dwelling a roofing of red tiles: that was Celestine's head-dress. Finally his sleeping-room, the central apartment and poorly lighted, constituted Celestine's heart. The poor thing was not solid. It settled a little, day by day, notwithstanding its youthful age. It had lost one or two little turrets, as one loses his teeth. And Bernadon, overwhelmed by taxes and deprived of income, had found himself so poor that he had been unable to reconstruct them.

Ah! he need only have spoken the word to be rich. All that would have been necessary would be to sell the shed and the plot of ground on which it stood. They would have been worth several thousands, perhaps. But abandon Celestine—see her demolished? Never!

The old man left the arbor and approached his dwelling.

"Yes," he said again, "with this repair, everything will do."

He spoke of a large iron brace that he had placed in the interior of the principal tower at the bottom, an ingenious, firm brace that had cost him his very life-blood, but that would prevent Celestine from tumbling down, for many a day.

And, half closing his eyes and inclining his head, like a painter examining his work, he looked lovingly at Celestine, as if seeing her for the first time.

Suddenly he trembled. Some one had laid a hand on his shoulder.

"At how much do you value your property, my friend?"

Bernadon straightened himself, as if he would have broken his back, and, with a ringing voice, looking the man in the face, he said: "It is not for sale, sir; look elsewhere."

And he terrified the would-be purchaser with an injured look, as of a husband whose wife it had been proposed to buy. The gentleman bowed.

"If you should ever decide to sell," he said, "I am stopping at the little hotel on the left."

And he went his way.

Bernadon turned at once toward his house. "Then, fear not!" he said, as if addressing a person. With short steps, his hands behind him, and his eyes half closed by the sun, Bernadon returned to his arbor.

But all at once, an exclamation escaped him:

"It can't be possible!"

And his eyes opened wide. A child in that arbor? A very small, red child, wrapped in a shawl? A child, abandoned there, was placed beside the wall.

The old man bent over and looked down.

"It is impossible!"

But then a sharp cry struck his ears, the cry of the child, frightened by sight of him.

Bernadon stood amazed. What was to be done with this package? He looked up and down the street, under the wall. He saw no one. It took him a long time to decide what to do.

The little one continued crying. He took it up, and, hesitating a moment, passed into the street.

"Yes, I will leave it out here somewhere," he said to himself. But people came along and he dared not leave it. The child, calmed now, looked up at him with droll gravity. It might be ten months old, perhaps six, possibly twelve; the old man was no connoisseur of young children.

He laid the little one down near the end of the wall, but a carriage came rolling along.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "suppose the vehicle should pass over it."

He growled a little and then took the child up into his arms again.

He noticed its hair, beautiful, blonde hair, just beginning to curl. How very soft this hair! It is a pleasure for an old man to stroke it.

"I will carry it to the police station," he decided.

But suddenly, during the journey, the little one said something. Yes, something very strange indeed:

"Papa."

It said this with such a strange voice. Bernadon began to consider. And his heart, yes, his heart, which he had not felt beat for so many years—

But these reflections were arrested by his arrival at the police station. He entered mechanically. He was questioned, but he heard nothing. His ears were filled with music, very sweet music, whose only word was, "Papa."

"I want to know," demanded one of the guardians of the peace, "what you wish us to do with that child. If you have found it

and wish to leave it with us, do so, and go your way."

"Hey? Leave it with you?" demanded Bernadon.

And the music rang continually in his ears.

"No, indeed," he said.

And he departed, pressing the infant to his breast.

Thus it was that Bernadon found an abandoned child, loved it almost in spite of himself, raised it, and thus committed, to his shame, to his joy, as he termed it, an act of infidelity against Celestine.

Now, several years after these occurrences, Bernadon suffered severely, one spring morning.

Ah! it was terrible. Bernadon was loaded down with debts contracted for the maintenance of the little one. He had vainly sought, invented, reflected, but no means had been found to keep both Celestine and the child. One or the other must be sacrificed.

Then, his eyes full of tears, he compared them for a long time, this spring morning. The terrible moment had come. He must choose between a levy on his house and sending the little one to the home for foundlings.

It was a lugubrious business. He looked successively at the eyes of the child and the windows of Celestine, the child's hair, and the head-gear of the old house. He found them all charming, all adorable, indispensable to his old age. He wavered between the two, unable to conclude which was preferable, equally happy with either. All at once, the little one threw her arms about his neck and murmured something in his ear.

"What did you say?" demanded Bernadon.

"I said you are my papa."

Ah! he hesitated no longer. No, indeed. Houses cannot speak. Suddenly turning his back on Celestine, not daring to look at her for fear she might suspect his treason, he crossed the street and directed his steps toward the little hotel on the left; with his heart on fire, he went to seek the man that wished to purchase his house and land.

Six thousand francs he was offered for them, and three thousand in addition to take charge of the demolition of the old structure.

"Come, come," said the old man when he

was back with the little one, "I shall buy you a beautiful wooden horse."

And he jingled the coins in his pocket with a feeling of contentment.

Weeks passed and passed. Bernadon grew lean. He had been unable to prevail upon himself to demolish Celestine. He had hired lodgings opposite his former home and spent his days in looking at it from afar. He had three months, according to the written contract, in which to raze Celestine to the ground. Three months! Bernadon counted the days in anguish.

One morning it was absolutely necessary to resolve upon doing it. He hired two laborers, and showed them the house.

"There," he said with a dull voice, "go to work." Feeling a curious vice clutching about his heart, he cried, "Not there."

They wanted to begin with the great tower, which, to him, was Celestine's head. But he had them tear down a few insignificant walls at the sides, then a corner of the roof, then a ruined little observatory, starting with each stroke of the pick-axe as if the laborers were working on his flesh.

All the time he held the little one on his knees to console himself. Occasionally his eyes wandered from the house to the child, and from the child to the house, regarding them, in turn, as if he had repented of his choice.

"No, never!" he cried to the workmen, who were about to attack the tower. "Never!" So he discharged them, threatening to break the head of him that dared do evil to Celestine. He became frantic.

But on the morrow the new proprietor came with a troupe of men, armed with long iron tools that made Bernadon tremble.

"Don't, don't," he clamored.

But, seeing that the die was cast, that this dreadful thing must happen, that nothing in the world could save his beloved house, he himself took a pick-axe, and, motioning the laborers away with a gesture of his hand, he approached Celestine.

"There, you shall not suffer long," he said, in a high-pitched tone of excitement.

He seemed to be groping for a place at the bottom of the tower; then he struck a terrible blow, with a power no one suspected in his old arms.

The iron brace that upheld the whole structure was laid bare. A second blow

severed it. The house trembled, and a crackling sound was heard.

"Heavens ! the whole thing is falling ! Save yourself, Bernadon !" cried the workmen.

But Bernadon moved not.

He turned toward the child that was playing at a distance, and, with a strange voice that was no longer human he exclaimed :

" You will come sometimes and play upon my grave, little one ! "

Staggering, Celestine fell upon him with a horrible crash, and her timbers, her tiles, her stones and rubbish fell upon him eagerly, covered him, killed him fiercely, as if they loved to murder him.

Translated for THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A DESERTED NEST.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

OH, swallow ! whose swift flight I have been watching,
Across the sky and toward a land more blest
Than this, frost girdled, would that I could follow,
Leaving my heart, as you your empty nest.

My heart, though, is not empty. Cold, white snow drifts
And flakes of ice, whose edges cut like knives,
Have found a lodging in its poor, worn hollow.
Oh, God ! there are sad things in human lives !

Once love dwelt in it, and beneath her bosom,
Warmed into life, all fair and gentle things,
All tender thoughts and hopes, all holy fancies,
Fluttered for very joy their little wings.

But, though it held her close, the nest was narrow,
And the world stretched before her, great and wide ;
And so love flew away. I could not blame her ;
But the poor nestlings saw her go, then died.

And now, snow-drifted, desolate and lonely,
The nest hangs 'mid the branches, brown and bare,
And every wind comes through its torn sides rudely,
And sways the nest and stirs the dead birds there.

A YANKEE IN CANTON.

THE FIRST DAY.

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.



I AM sure that Canton is the queerest, the most wonderful and bewildering old city under the sun. It certainly has more strange sights to the square yard than any other city I ever saw, and I am willing to back it

against all the rest. Even now, when I try to recall the strange scenes and sounds I encountered on that memorable visit, it makes my eyes ache and my brain whirl, just as it did then.

Right thankful am I, however, that, instead of trusting the treasures of such an experience to a treacherous memory, I laboriously confided them, on the spot, to no less than forty-eight pages of my despised journal. With this and my sketch-book before me, I can take the trip again any time, and if my esteemed friend, The Reader, cares to make a pilgrimage to far Cathay, we will go now.

It is February the twenty-fifth, and we are in the Chinese-British city of Hong Kong. At a quarter before eight o'clock on a raw and rainy morning, we hasten aboard a big, white, side-wheel river steamer, the Kin Shan, and at eight we are off. Canton is about one hundred miles away up the Pearl river, and we heartily wish it were farther, that the voyage might be longer.

Leaving the rock-bound harbor behind us, we steam away westward through an archipelago of rocky hills that rise thickly on every side. The channels are narrow, but from the dark blue color of the water, we know they are deep.

The coast of the Kwang-Tung province is everywhere bold and rocky, and in winter it looks utterly barren and inhospitable. From the absence of villages, huts, and all signs of life upon it, we infer that it is in reality as barren as it looks.

The mouth of the Chu-Kiang, or Pearl river, is eight miles wide, but its identity is so obscure we really do not know it when we see it. Presently, however, when we find a chain of high, rugged peaks rising on each side of our broad water-course, it dawns upon us that we are in the Boca Tigre, or "Tiger's Mouth," and upon the threshold of the Celestial empire.

Four hours from Hong Kong, the river is still three miles wide, with islets rising here and there, and innumerable channels and bayous leading off to—heaven knows where. An hour later, the mountains have retired into the distance, and the country between is a vast alluvial plain, level as a race-course, but just now a gray and melancholy waste, for the rice crop was harvested long ago. Scattered about the muddy plain are little clumps of weather-beaten huts and straw stacks, with a few scrubby trees growing around them; and but for these the delta is as level and lifeless as a desert.

The river narrows rapidly, and by one o'clock it is only three-quarters of a mile wide. Trees thicken, and so does vegetation in general. Along the river, the land rises into knolls and little hills, which are backed by more blue mountains in the hazy distance.

Here we are at Whampoa, fifteen miles below Canton, the head of navigation for large, sea-going vessels. The Pearl river divides at this point, and on the point of land at the confluence of the two streams stands the native town. The low, weather-beaten, paintless, one-story houses are jammed together all along the river bank at the water's edge, like a crowd of ragged roughs looking at a boat race, each in danger of being pushed into the stream by his neighbor. The taller and more respectable houses stand quietly at the back, looking over the heads of the ragamuffins, and, of course, the river side is crowded with boats.

After a stop of five short minutes at Whampoa, we hasten on up the north

branch of the river, and from this time on our eyes have to work hard to take in all the sights that the steamer's progress brings to our view. No sooner is one object sighted, analyzed, and catalogued, ready to put away in memory's storehouse, than another of a totally different nature is ready for us. It is just so from this point until we reach it again on our return; so sharpen your wits now, if you please, and let nothing worth seeing pass unnoticed. Do not stop to make too much of a specialty of any one thing, or set of things, or your golden opportunity will be lost.

The lofty pagoda that we sighted at one o'clock, stands on a little hill about two miles west of Whampoa, and on the same side. On the north bank, of the river are two small towns, and from the middle of the one nearest us rise two lofty and massive square towers of blue brick, which, we think, must be temples of course, until we are told they are pawn shops. Every bit of low land along the river seems to be an island; and there are as many creeks and channels as ever. Here and there the landscape is enlivened by a green grove of bananas, and the country slowly loses its wintry appearance.

We are passing scores upon scores of junks of all sizes, at anchor or under sail, floating lazily with the tide, or being propelled by long oars. With their lofty, overhanging sterns, two stories high, with windows in the sides; their sails of dirty brown matting, their clumsy hulls and rigging, their unpainted dinginess, and the ugliness of their crews, they are certainly the homeliest crafts ever breathed upon by the winds of heaven.

But see how patiently the men of this big floating lumber-pile tug away at the clumsy

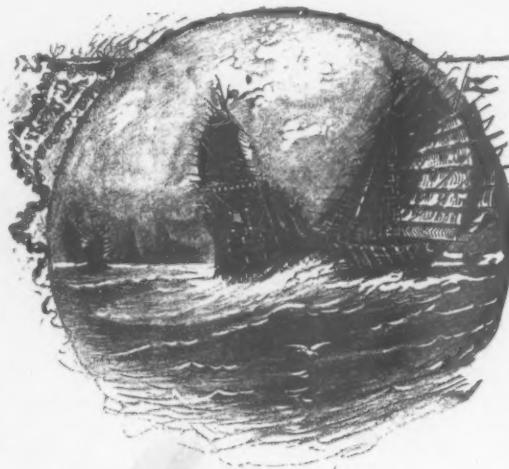
sweeps. It drags through the water at a snail's pace, but still it moves. This is the way of the typical Chinaman. He may not be able to get his junk along fast, or even moderately slow; but he tugs away at his oar, with dogged determination to get his craft along every foot he can.

About eight miles above Whampoa, Canton begins. There are plenty of mountains now along the north. We steam rapidly past a number of huge junks lying at anchor in a double row along the south bank, and ahead of us the stream literally swarms with craft. In fact, there is little to be seen from the river, on account of the everlasting boats that throng the shores. Some more high brick towers rise here and there out of the level plain of roofs. Just north of the city, on a high hill, stands the famous five-story pagoda; and farther away in the same direction, a much loftier pagoda looms up, like a giant sentinel, guarding the city against surprise.

But what a bewildering array of small boats! The river is wide, but its muddy surface is so covered with craft that the open channel is barely wide enough for our steamer. They

form a city of themselves, with a floating population of nearly a quarter of a million. All along the Canton side of the river, for about three miles, they lie packed together, side by side, in a solid mass fifteen to twenty deep, acres upon acres of them, with narrow lanes left here and there from the shore out to the open water, for the passage of boats in and out. It is not a disorderly mass, like a jam of logs, but a city of boats, with streets, and squares, and alleys, laid out in good order.

But we must leave the boats for the present and look for a hotel. Directly across



A JUNK.

the river, at the water's edge, stands a dingy, ramshackle "'ole of a place," labeled in very plain English, "CANTON HOTEL," and, as we survey its weather-beaten seediness, and the muddy river washing against its slimy foundation, we thank our stars that we are not obliged to put up in that hostelry, at all events. Like true cosmopolitans, we have come fully informed, and know precisely what we are going to do.

Before starting on our pilgrimage, a Hong Kong friend in the detective line had instructed me to hunt up a hotel kept by a Chinaman whose Christian name was July Jack. His other name was Nam Hing Loon; but that is of no consequence. Anybody in Canton can tell you where to find July Jack. So, out of a crowd of boatwomen, I engaged the one that could speak the most English, and set out, bag and baggage, to find my man.

Now, a Loon is not a goose; but if that was not a wild goose chase, I never took part in one. We went ashore in a little canal, and at once lost ourselves in the streets, inquiring right and left for our July Jack. We asked a ship chandler, a fish peddler, a tea merchant, a coolie, a soldier, and a silk weaver; and the last man knew one named Nam Hing Loon, to whom he directed us. After more inquiries, right and left, and much astonishment on the part of the natives, we came to a large silk establishment and were taken in.

Yes, Nam Hing Loon lived there. We were shown into the drawing-room at the rear of the shop. The floor was of marble, the furniture was of carved ebony, and the ornaments of the room were of bronze, ivory, and silk. Seated at a table that was most gorgeously inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, was the man I had come to see. He was smoking a silver bubble-bubble, and chatting with two or three venerable friends. It took but a glance to see that they were men of education, refinement, and wealth.

In marched Susan, short, chubby, brown-skinned, and barefooted, with dress reaching but little below the knee, carrying my gripsack in one hand and umbrella in the other. At her heels stalked the subscriber, looking sheepish and uncomfortable. I knew my man was not there, but I had to face the music, for it was too late to back out with-

out an explanation. Susan went straight to the mark, and, in her own language, demanded to know if Nam Hing Loon was there. The most venerable of the four fat old gentlemen confessed modestly that he was the man. I would as soon have asked the Dean of Westminster if his name was "July Jack," to say nothing of the hotel business; but not so Susan. She put both questions at once upon their merits. Mr. Loon looked astounded and scandalized, and his friends looked the merriment they were too polite to indulge in. No, Nam Hing Loon was not "July Jack," neither did he keep a hotel. He never heard of a man with that name, and didn't want to. "Chin-chin," or, in other words, good day.

There was nothing to do but put up at the Canton Hotel and trust to luck. The terms were three dollars per day, but the less said about the fare the better. There was one thing, however, that quite reconciled me to my surroundings, and that was the good company I had during my stay. I was the only guest in the house. After all, few things are ever so bad that they cannot be worse.



The billiard-marker was a very nice young heathen named Ah Chan, and being rather short of work just then, he undertook to be my guide, philosopher, and friend, for a modest consideration. Without losing a moment's time, we crossed the river and plunged into the maddening crowd that throngs the streets of Old Canton.

Well, well, well ! What a wonderful old city it is ! How bewildering, and how interesting at every step ! This is no more like the Chinese quarter of Hong Kong than an old bill is like a new silver dollar. How very, very different from what we had expected to see ! Compared with the substantial newness and Europeanness of Hong Kong, this is a veritable fossil, a relic of the past, with nothing of the nineteenth century about it save the European quarter and the steamer on the river.

The city is all on the ground, or at the very most, it will not average more than a story and a half in height. Where the shops are thickest, each square is an unbroken succession of wide doorways ; for of every shop the whole end next to the street takes out bodily. From one street corner to the next, there is only a succession of open-ended rooms and partition walls, with dark, narrow passages thrown in here and there. There is no architecture visible, for the houses are so jammed together that it is impossible to single out any one in particular without climbing on the roof to see how much it covers.

If this is not a street in Wonderland, it might as well be. It is only about eight feet wide, and many are less. The eaves of the houses on each side project a quarter or a third of the way across the street, and the remaining third in the middle is very often loosely covered over with boards placed crosswise. When the sun is shining, the streets are light enough, but in rainy or cloudy weather they are very dark and gloomy, and the peculiar twilight effect only adds another element of strangeness to the scene.

Thank goodness, the streets are well paved with smooth, granite flagstones, one foot by three, and being kept very clean, there is no mud to plod through, even when it rains. Pedestrianism is the order of the day. There are no carriages, carts, drays, big freight wagons, omnibuses, or street

cars to run over you, if you fail to get out of the way ; for all the freight is carried by coolies.

Now and then, however, your wool-gathering is disturbed by a stir and loud shouting a little way down the street, and you see the crowd parting to right and left. Then you know there is a sedan chair coming, and you take shelter behind a sign-board, or in a friendly doorway, or flatten yourself against a wall until the peripatetic nuisance has gone by.



SEDAN CHAIR.

But the streets are so narrow that chairs are not very often used. They move too slowly ; it takes too much shouting to clear the way, and, when two meet in a narrow thoroughfare, one has to be side-tracked before the other can get by. The use of the chair, therefore, is confined to lazy merchants and officials, weak women, and swell Europeans. For my part, I would not do Canton in a sedan chair if I could have a whole set for nothing.

But there is one drawback to pedestrianism. As you pass along, you are obliged to be on the alert to keep from coming into collision with half-naked coolies, carrying all sorts of loads. All loads are carried in the same way ; every schoolboy knows it, so I will not stop to describe it. No matter where you go, you can be certain that every few minutes one of these coolies will come puffing and shuffling along at a dog trot, shouting every few steps to those in front of him to "clear the track," his load springing up and down, and his bamboo lathee creaking rhythmically at every step. After you have gotten out of the way of about a thousand

porters and chair bearers in the course of a day's walk, you get rather tired of it, and wish they would all go on a strike during the remainder of your stay. But why complain? Surely they are a great improvement on anything we have at home. They will not run over you, nor do they run against you and then look daggers from a lofty seat, and swear at you because you escaped with your life.

It is worth a journey of a hundred miles to see the signs in a Canton street. They constitute the most striking feature in the whole city, and their gaudy colors will linger in the pilgrim's memory long after everything else is forgotten. Canton ought to be called the City of Signs; for I am sure no other in the world can match these thousands upon thousands of gorgeous boards, painted in all the colors of the solar spectrum. Take away the signs and you take away half the quaintness and all the color of Canton.

My Chinaman dotes on signs, and the number he hangs out is limited only by the space in which to hang them. Luckily for him, his language is in his favor. Although the street is only from eight to twelve feet wide, and his shop has a frontage of only fourteen feet, which is nearly all an open doorway, it matters not to him. His signs read from top to bottom, so at each corner of his front he blithely erects a big board twelve feet long by a foot and a half wide, more or less, on both sides of which his name and business is set forth in huge characters. Then, over his door and all along the front, he rigs out iron cranes to project into the street, more or less, as the situation requires, and from an iron hook at the end of each crane he gaily hangs another sign to swing over the heads of the passers-by. Often one small shop will have six or eight signs, big and little, standing flat, projecting or swinging. In many streets, the swinging signs are so numerous that the whole upper part of the open space is completely filled up, and in perspective the passageway is a perfect tunnel through gaily-painted signs. As you look down the street a little distance, you see nothing but signs, except the pavement.

Once I stopped in a street where they were thick, and tried to count the signs in sight, looking both ways. To save my



STREET IN CANTON.

eyes, I could not have counted them correctly, but, as nearly as I could number them, there were sixty looking one way and forty-six the other, making a total of one hundred and six within a distance of about a hundred yards. I was then in Tsiang-Lan-Kai street. I took out my note book to note the different colors in which the signs were gotten up, and here is the list:

Gilt letters on red, brown and black ground.
 Black letters on gilt ground.
 Black letters on white ground.
 Red letters on white ground.
 White letters on green ground.
 Green letters on white ground.
 Blue letters on white ground.
 Blue letters on green ground.

The gaudy, glaring colors made my eyes ache, for I stared at the signs as hard as they stared at me. Beyond question, Chinese characters make the handsomest signs in the world, for every word is a monogram. Variety is the spice of life, and if we don't get it in the reckless abandon of Chinese

letters, we never will in this world. How free-and-easy, and graceful are the words on a Chinese sign when compared with our set, angular English letters.

I asked Ah Chan to translate the words on some of the signs, just to see what the composition was like, and they sounded as queerly as they looked. Here are a few specimens, word for word :

Ying	Lee	Ming	Sun
Hap	Ching	Lee,	Chang
How.	Ho.	Signs	Ho.
He	He	and	See
does	shoes	large	Hong
every	sells	chops.	silk,
kind	gentlemen.		satin,
good			and
tea			shawls
sell			he
gentlemen.			sells
			gentlemen.

After the signs, come the shops themselves. There are but two genera of them all told, but the species are as the sands of the sea. Every establishment that opens on a thoroughfare is a shop, either for the manufacture and sale of goods on the spot, or for the display and sale of goods produced elsewhere. But no matter what the shop is like otherwise, it is sure to contain about three old fellows, who own the concern and manage it, and from four to ten other men, young and old, who are clerks, or workmen, or both.

In shops of the first sort, the room is full of tables and benches, at which sit a throng of workmen, toiling busily, never pausing for a moment, making the thousands upon thousands of articles of use and ornament that this busy city produces. We shall take a turn amongst them to-morrow, when we have more time, and see how they do things.

The shops of the other kind are the regular hunting grounds of the tourist, but to me they are not so full of interest as the workshops. The type of this genus is about fifteen by twenty feet in size, with a stone floor, carved shelves and cases full of goods against the walls, a highly polished counter on one side, and a stiff row of hard, straight-

backed chairs along the other. Once inside, you see that the place is lighted by a square sky-light in the center. Very often, there is a gallery with a railing all around it, and when a customer calls for an article that happens to be in the upper regions, it is simply lowered in a basket tied to a rope, which saves time, trouble and shoe leather.

I like a Chinese shop-keeper the best of all the shop-keepers I ever met. When you go into his establishment to look at his curious wares, or watch his workmen, he never thinks of pouncing upon you either to drive a bargain or to drive you out. He does not proceed to name over everything he has in stock, with a pause and an interrogation point after each article, while he eyes you constantly to detect signs of wavering on this or that. No, indeed. Your Chinese merchant waits quietly in the background until you ask about something; then he steps forward and blandly shows it to you, without any ostentation or pressure to buy. Sometimes he goes so far as to ask quietly what he can have the pleasure of showing you; but if you fail to buy he does not assume an injured air and turn sulky on the spot.

The shops of Canton constitute an industrial museum on a grand scale, and one cannot afford to pass them by unnoticed. It is out of the question to purchase even a trifle in every one you visit, and it is very unsatisfactory to pretend every time that you want to buy something but cannot find it. The best plan is to go in and say frankly to the celestial merchant: "Well, my friend, I am merely looking through your city, and would like the privilege of seeing what you have in your shop, although I do not expect to buy anything to-day."

When you make a clean breast of it, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court, as it were, the merchant meets you half way and responds heartily: "Verry good, sir; verry good. I like you see everything in my shop," and you feel at home directly.

In the course of our wandering, we came to the temple of the Five Hundred Gods (in reality, learned Buddhist priests of saintly memory), which, I had been told, was one of the famous sights of the city. The exterior architecture is simply *nil*; for it is so hemmed in by surrounding circumstances that only the entrance and a portion of the

roof are visible from the street. We went through a porch, crossed a court-yard on a causeway, with the dirtiest of dirty water on each side, and were straightway ushered into the presence of the sacred five hundred. And what do you think they were like? I doubt if you could guess in a month. They were simply a lot of carved wooden figures, a little larger than life, in gilt clothes, with both blue and gilt faces, and with hair, beard, and eye-brows, in every case, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue."

The hall was about one hundred feet square, with a narrow, raised pedestal running entirely around it, on which the gods sat in various attitudes, backs to the wall and elbows touching, like a lot of schoolboys on a bench. Out in the floor space were eight huge, rectangular pedestals, with a platform running all around each one, on which sat more long rows of gods.

On the whole, it was a very intelligent and interesting lot of effigies, when one took time to study their points. The most striking feature of the display was its variety. For instance, there were Genii Corpulent, fat, puffy, and shaky-looking; Genii Cadaverous, with "a lean and hungry look"; Genii Mirthful, good natured and jolly, with a hearty laugh in progress.

There were Genii-with-the-Blues, appropriately painted blue in the face, and Genii Sanctimonious, with a saintly, too-good-for-this-world expression. There were Genii Ferocious, Good, Bad, and Indifferent, Anything, and Nothing in particular.

Here was food for thought, for reflection, and even for investigation. I tried to rise to the occasion, but it was no use. Thoughts of our own beloved institutions at home would obtrude, and I found myself wondering whether the Canton government advertised for bids when these figures were made, and let the contract to the lowest bidder, or organized a bureau of manufacture. I blush to confess that I wondered how many were made of worm-eaten wood, with the holes and cracks filled up with putty and painted over, when the contract distinctly called for so many head of genii, life size, no two alike, made of sound, hard wood only. If Yankees had made them, I would have known at once that they were either brown paper or compressed saw-dust.

At the foot of each figure stood a porce-

lain flower-pot full of ashes, and in every alternate pot a burning joss stick was stuck up. There would have been one in every pot, but that the smoke from so many would have been unendurable, and, even as it was, the smoke of two hundred and fifty was very disagreeable.

The grounds of this temple are quite spacious, and, besides the Lo-hang-teng, or hall of saints, they contain gardens, lakes, and various buildings occupied by the old Buddhist priests, who are attached to the establishment.

My shrewd police inspector in Hong Kong put me up to a wrinkle in this wise:

"When you visit a temple," said he, "give the attendant ten brass kash (one cent). It will please him much better than ten cents in silver, all in one coin."

"Will it, though?" thought I, as we made for the door at last. With a sneaking idea of saving nine cents, I told Ah Chan to give the priestly door-keeper ten kash and charge it to me. It was offered, but the old fellow declined it with alacrity, and straightway requested me to give him "ten cents silver."

"Right you are, my friend, and here it is," said I, producing the coin at once.

No sooner did he receive it than he set up a clamor for twenty cents, and refused to be comforted with less. But I saw he was hopelessly avaricious, and, not daring to raise him ten cents for fear he would see it and go me twenty better, we left him gnashing his teeth and trying to kick himself because he had not asked for more in the first place.

But the deepening shadows warn us that the day is almost done, and we reluctantly turn our steps toward the river, and take a boat for the hotel.

There are several kinds of craft in the motley collection on this muddy Pearl river, but to me none are so interesting as the passenger boats. They are the smallest of all, or, perhaps I should say the least large, for even they are like lighters compared with all our row-boats. Each boat is the sole abiding place of the family that owns it, the only home they know anything about. To be sure, the man of the family and the boys of workable size work elsewhere, and earn all they can; but the wife, her children, her sisters, her mother, and perhaps her mother-in-law, live in the boat all their

lives. They cook, eat, wash, iron, make, mend, marry, bear children, and die in their boat.

The children cannot run away, or play truant, but they can and do tumble overboard many a time in the course of their lives. Some cautious mothers tie a large gourd, or small ten-pin of light wood, to the waist of each toddling little celestial, to serve as a life-preserver. The little ones do not mind these incumbrances in the least, but dangle them round unconcernedly in the drollest way.

I asked one of the boatwomen that once ferried us over the river why she had that big piece of wood tied to the little three-year-old that played around me while his mother pulled her clumsy oar.

"Him make berry bad pidgin!" she answered earnestly, but with all a mother's pride in her baby's mischievousness. "Him go top-side too muchee. S'pose wood no got, no can catchee he."

These family boats are both long and wide, for row boats, and high in the sides. There is a high quarter-deck aft, on which the wrinkled old grandmother stands, with a fourteen-foot oar, to scull and steer the boat; forward, there is a forecastle, on which the mother and her oldest daughter, or perhaps the two daughters, stand to pull their oars; while amidships there is a square compartment with a seat and a piece of carpet or matting on the floor, and even framed pictures on the sides, where the passenger sits, while the little children play around him. This midship section is provided with a half cylindrical roof in sections, which can be drawn over the whole space when it rains, or shoved together, like the joints of a spy-glass, in fair weather, and got quite out of the way. The cooking utensils and food are under the forecastle, while the beds and clothing are under the quarter-deck.

The boatwomen are worthy of admiration. They are well developed and even muscular, brown-skinned, free from paint, powder, and bandaged feet, full of enterprise, and quite as good business men as their husbands. The hire of a passenger boat, skipper, and crew is only ten cents per half hour.

Almost opposite the hotel lies a fleet of boats of a very different type, and after dinner we paid them a visit. They are called "flower boats," because each boat has on its

hurricane deck a few pots full of plants. I think our idea of calling a saloon with two trees in tubs a "summer garden" must have been stolen from these boats.

The flower boats are in reality pleasure boats, saloons if you please, or tea houses on the water. They carry small pleasure parties on picnics here and there when they get a chance, but their usual lot is to remain stationary, side by side, fifteen or twenty deep, along the Canton shore. The hull is low, and serves chiefly as a foundation for the upper works, which loom up like a small house. Very often the wooden sides of the cabin are elaborately carved in fret work of marvelous patterns, chiefly scrolls and animals. The bow is merely a low, level platform, forming a sort of porch to the two apartments that lie beyond. These rooms are gaudily gilded and painted, hung with silken curtains, pictures, and gay lanterns, and furnished with couches, mirrors, tea tables, and ebony chairs. The hurricane deck is also furnished with seats, and forms a comfortable lounging place on a hot night. In the day time, the flower boats look rather cheap and tawdry, their rich fittings being painfully out of harmony with the muddy river and their more dingy neighbors, the vegetable boats. At night, however, with a blaze of light, they show up to better advantage, like the interior of a theater.

We left our boat and took a walk along the line of planks that are laid from the bow of one boat to the next. Within the cabins we saw gorgeously painted girls, with hair done up in the most marvelous way, serving tea to the celestial dudes from the city, making music on mandolins and assisting their visitors to smoke opium, as well as tobacco.

On one of the boats we met a friend of Ah Chan, who, being quite at home, invited us to sit down at the little round table that stood on a certain forecastle, and partake of refreshments at his expense.

First came tea, in cups that held a thimbleful each, without milk or sugar, and to me bitter as quinine. I drank it to show my friendliness to the refreshments, hoping that the second course would atone for the first. When the *pièce de résistance* was set before us, I thought at first my mind was wandering. It was a saucer of watermelon seeds, the kernels of which were to be our refresh-

ment. Ah Chan said they were very nice, so I tried to do my part by them; but they were too elusive. Besides, I felt that I had been imposed upon. I had rashly expected peanuts at least, and would have been quite satisfied with a pint or so, in memory of my

early theater days; but to come down to plain watermelon seeds was a degradation I was not prepared for. I broke down utterly on my third seed, begged leave to retire from the banquet, and went back to the hotel.

THE SIEGE OF BERLIN.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

WE were ascending the avenue of the Champs Elysées with Doctor V., gathering from the walls perforated with shells, and the pavements ploughed up with grape-shot the story of the siege of Paris, when, a little before our arrival at the circular space of the Arc-de-l'Etoile, the doctor paused, and showed me one of three large corner mansions that stand magnificently grouped around the Arc-de-Triomphe.

"Do you see," said he to me, "the four windows with closed blinds up there along the balcony? During the first days of the month of August, that terrible month of the year '70, so laden with storms and disasters, I was called there to attend a case of apoplexy of an extremely aggravated type. It was at Colonel Jouve's, a cuirassier of the First Empire, an old fellow completely carried away with his ideas of glory and patriotism.

"At the breaking out of the war, he took lodgings on the Champs Elysées, in an apartment opening on a balcony. Guess why? To be present at the triumphal return of our troops. Poor old man! The tidings from Wissembourg reached him as he was leaving the table. When he read the name of Napoleon at the bottom of the bulletin reporting the defeat, he fell as though struck by lightning.

"I found the old cuirassier stretched out his entire length on the carpet of his chamber, his face covered with blood and expressionless, looking like one that had received a blow on the head from a bludgeon. When standing erect, he must have been very tall. As he lay now on the floor, his proportions appeared colossal. His features were handsome, his teeth superb. Although eighty years of age, he seemed but sixty.

"His granddaughter knelt in tears at his

side. She resembled him. To see them both together recalled to mind two beautiful Greek medallions struck from the same die, only the one ancient, mouldy, with its contours a little effaced; the other resplendent and sharply defined in all the brilliance and smoothness of a new impression.

"I was touched by the suffering of this child, the daughter and granddaughter of a soldier. Her father was attached to Mac-Mahon's staff, and the image of that grand old man stretched before her suggested to her mind another image not less terrible.

"I re-assured her as well as I could; but, in reality, I had very little hope. We had to do with a very fine hemiplegia, a recovery from which, at the age of eighty, would be a rare occurrence. And, indeed, the patient remained during three days in the same state of stupor and immobility.

"In the meantime, the news of the battle of Reichshoffen arrived at Paris. You recollect in what a strange manner. Until evening, we all believed we had gained a victory, twenty thousand Prussians fallen, the Crown Prince a prisoner, etc. I cannot tell by what miracle, by what magnetic current, an echo of the national joy sought out our poor deaf-mute in the limbo of his paralysis. It is certain, however, that evening, on approaching the bed, I found no longer the same man. The eye was almost clear, the tongue less thick. He had strength enough to smile at me and to stammer twice:

"'Vic-to-ry!'

"'Yes, colonel, a great victory!'

"According as I gave him the details of Mac-Mahon's splendid success, I saw his features relax, his face brighten.

"When I withdrew, the young girl was waiting for me. She was pale. She was standing before the door and was sobbing.

"But he is saved!" I said to her, taking her hands.

"The unhappy child had hardly courage enough to answer me. The bulletin of the true Reichshoffen had just been set up. MacMahon was in flight, the entire army crushed. We looked at each other in consternation. She was grievously distressed, thinking of her father. As for me, I trembled when I thought of the old man. It was very certain he could not resist this new shock. And yet, what was to be done? Leave him his joy, the illusions that had brought him back to life? But then it would be necessary to lie.

"Very well; I will lie!" said the heroic girl, wiping the tears quickly from her eyes, and she re-entered her grandfather's chamber quite radiant.

"That was a hard task for the young girl. During the first few days, it was easy enough. The old gentleman's head was weak, and he allowed himself to be deceived like a child, but his ideas grew clearer with the restoration of his health. It was necessary to keep him informed of the movements of the armies, and to prepare military bulletins for him. It would have moved one to pity to see that beautiful child hanging over her map of Germany night and day, pricking in it little flags, forcing herself to invent the combinations of a glorious campaign: Bazaïne near Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. In all this, she asked my advice, and I aided her to the best of my ability; but the grandfather himself was of especial service to us in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often during the First Empire that he knew every strategic movement beforehand:

"Now, there is where they are going. They are going to do this."

"And his prescience turned out true every time, a circumstance that did not fail to make him very proud.

"Unhappily, we took cities and gained battles in vain. We could never go fast enough for him. The veteran was insatiable. Each day on my arrival, I used to learn of some new feat of arms:

"Doctor, we have taken Mayence," the young girl would say, coming to meet me, with a heart-breaking smile, and I would hear a jubilant voice calling to me through the door:

"All goes well! All goes well! We will enter Berlin in eight days."

"At that very moment, the Prussians were not more than eight days' march from Paris. We asked ourselves at first if it were not better to have him removed into the country; but outside, he would soon learn the actual state of France, and I found him still too feeble, too shaken from the grievous blow to let him know the truth. It was, therefore, decided to remain.

"The first day of the investment of the city, I visited them; I remember, much moved with that anguish of heart that the closed gates, the fighting under the walls, with the suburbs for our frontiers, gave to us all. I found the worthy veteran jubilant and proud:

"Well," he said to me, "that siege has begun at last!"

"I looked at him in amazement.

"How, colonel, you know?"

"His granddaughter turned toward me:

"Ah! yes, doctor, it is great news. The siege of Berlin has begun."

"She said this, plying her needle with an air so tranquil and self-possessed. How could he suspect anything? He could not hear the cannon of the forts. He could not see this unhappy Paris in her degradation and distraction. What he perceived from his bed was a part of the Arc-de-Triomphe, and around him, in his chamber, a collection of bric-à-brac of the First Empire quite well fitted to keep up his illusions. The portraits of marshals, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in his baby dress; then the tall and stiff-looking consols, ornamented with trophic brass and laden with imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a piece of rock from St. Helena under a globe, miniatures all representing the same frizzled dame in ball costume, in a yellow dress, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and with bright eyes; and everything, the consols, the King of Rome, the marshals, the yellow ladies with towering forms and high waists, was suggestive of that awkward stiffness that was the mode in 1806. Brave colonel! It was this atmosphere of victories and conquests still more than all we could tell him that made him believe so naively in the siege of Berlin.

"From that day, our military operations were very much simplified. To take Berlin was only a matter of patience. Now and

then, when the old man felt himself too low-spirited, a letter used to be read from his son, an imaginary letter of course, since nothing could enter Paris anywhere, and after Sedan, MacMahon's aid-de-camp had been forwarded to a fortress in Germany.

"Figure to yourself the despair of this poor child without news from her father, knowing him to be a prisoner deprived of everything, perhaps ill, and compelled, at the same time, to make him speak in cheerful letters, letters such as might be written by a soldier in full campaign! Sometimes she lacked the strength for it; and weeks passed without any news. But the old man would become restless and could not sleep. Then a letter would arrive suddenly from Germany, and holding back the tears, she would come to his bed and read it to him with an air of gayety. The colonel would listen religiously, smile with a knowing air, approve, criticise, and explain to us the difficult passages. But he was especially fine in the answers he sent his son:

"'Do not forget that you are a Frenchman,' he used to say to him. 'Be kind to the poor people. Do not make the invasion too burdensome for them.'

"And there were recommendations without end, excellent sermonizing with respect to the proprieties, the politeness due to the ladies, a veritable code of military honor for the conquerors. He would mingle with this some general considerations with regard to politics, and the conditions of peace that should be imposed on the vanquished. On this point he was not difficult to please:

"'A war indemnity and nothing more. What good to take their provinces? Is it possible to make a part of France out of Germany?'

"He dictated that in a firm voice, and one felt so much candor in his words, such beautiful patriotic faith, that it was impossible to listen to him without being moved.

"During this time the siege went on without cessation. Alas! not that of Berlin! It was the period of the bombardment, of intense cold, of epidemics and famine. But, thanks to our care, to our efforts, and to the never tiring tenderness that was thrown about him, the serenity of the old man was not for an instant disturbed. Even to the end, I was able to have him supplied with white bread and fresh meat. There

was only sufficient for him, you know; and you cannot imagine anything more touching than these grandfatherly repasts, with their innocent egotism, the old fellow on his bed, fresh and radiant, with a napkin under his chin, his granddaughter, a little pale from her privations, near him, guiding his hands, making him drink, helping him to eat all these forbidden good things. Then, animated by the meal, in the comfort of his warm chamber, with the wintry wind outside and the snow whirling in gusts at his windows, the old cuirassier would recall his campaigns in the North, and relate to us, for the hundredth time, the story of that unlucky retreat from Russia, when he had to live on frozen biscuits and horse flesh.

"'Do you comprehend that, little one? We had to eat horses!'

"She comprehended it, I well believe; for two months she had not eaten anything else. From day to day, however, according as the patient approached convalescence, our undertaking became more difficult. That torpidity of all his senses, of all his limbs, that had been of so much service to us until then, began to disappear. Two or three times already the terrible volleys at the Porte Maillot had made him jump up, with his ears erect, like a hunting dog's. We had to invent a final victory of Bazaine before Berlin, and salvos of artillery fired at the Invalides in its honor. Another day his couch had been pushed near the window (it was, I think, the Thursday of Buzenval); he saw very distinctly the national guards that were massed on the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

"'Who are those troops, pray?' asked the old gentleman, and we heard him muttering between his teeth:

"'A bad turn out! A bad turn out!'

"That was all there was of it; but we comprehended that, henceforth, it would be necessary to take extraordinary precautions. Unfortunately, we did not take enough. One evening, when I came, the child met me, much distressed:

"'They are going to enter to-morrow,' she said to me.

"Was her grandfather's chamber open? The fact is, thinking of it afterward, I recollect that his face had a strange expression that evening. He probably heard us. Only we spoke of the Prussians; and the old gentleman thought of the French and

of their triumphal entry for which he had been waiting so long—MacMahon coming down the avenue amid flowers and fanfares of trumpets, his own son at the marshal's side, and he, the veteran, on his balcony in *grande tenue* as at Lutzen, saluting the tattered colors and the eagles black with powder.

"Poor father Jouve! He had undoubtedly imagined that he would be hindered from being present when the troops marched, for fear of its causing him too much emotion. Consequently, he took care to speak of it to no one; but the next day, just at the time when the Prussian battalions were entering timidly the long thoroughfare that leads from the Porte Maillot to the Tuilleries, the window up there opened softly, and the colonel appeared on the balcony with his casque, his long sword, with all the glorious old finery of a venerable cuirassier of Milhaud. I ask myself yet what effort of will, what access of life had thus put him on his feet and in harness. One thing was sure; he was there, standing behind the balustrade, astonished to find the avenues so

broad, so silent, the blinds of the buildings closed, Paris somber, like a great lazarette, everywhere banners, but such strange ones, all white, with red crosses, and no one to go to meet our soldiers.

"For a moment, he believed that he was mistaken.

"But no! Down yonder behind the Arc-de-Triomphe there was a confused noise, a black line that advanced in the brightening day. Then, little by little, the spikes of the helmets glittered, the little drums of Jena began to beat, and, under the Arc-de-l'Etoile, rhythmically with the heavy step of the sections, with the clatter of sabers, the triumphal march from Schubert burst upon the air.

"Then, amid the mournful silence of the place, a cry was heard, a terrible cry:

"'To arms! To arms! The Prussians!' And the four Uhlans of the advance guard could see up there on the balcony a tall old man moving his arms, and tottering, and then falling stiff and rigid.

"This time Colonel Jouve was dead indeed."

Translated for THE COSMOPOLITAN.

GRANT ON THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

BY WILLIAM F. PECK.

THOUGH the charm of novelty will be lacking, yet the interest attached to the first volume of the "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" will be revived by the second, which has lately appeared. The same lucid style of composition runs through these pages, with the same terseness of form and directness of statement that excited so much admiration then. There is noticeable also the same unambiguous judgment with regard to men and actions that evoked such hostile criticism in the case of the chapters on the battle of Shiloh, but no personal bitterness mingles with the expression, and the reader feels generally that it is the decision of a judge rather than the plea of an advocate.

The book opens with an account of Grant's first meeting with Secretary Stanton at Indianapolis, in October, 1863. Nothing is said about the impression created in the mind of the writer by the famous war sec-

retary, but the fact is mentioned that the special train on which they met arrived in Louisville in the midst of a drizzling rain, whereby Mr. Stanton caught a cold, from which, as he told Grant afterward, he did not expect to recover. The historian adds: "He never did."

Grant tells the reader (as he then told Stanton) about the critical position of Rosecrans at Chattanooga after his disastrous defeat at Chickamauga, which made it seem necessary, in order to extricate the army of the Cumberland, to relieve this unsuccessful general from his command and appoint Thomas in his place. This being done, and the command of the military division of the Mississippi being assumed by Grant, the army was safe. It remained for Sherman to carry Missionary Ridge, and Hooker to fight his battle on Lookout Mountain above the clouds, to pave the way for the decisive victory in front of Chatta-

nooga on the following day, which sent Bragg flying out of Tennessee.

Upon the character of this officer, Grant makes an extended comment, relating a story that reminds one of the dilemma of the lord chancellor in the opera of "Iolanthe": "I have heard in the old army," he says, "an anecdote very characteristic of Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies commanded by a field officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies and at the same time acting as post-quartermaster and commissary. He was first-lieutenant at the time, but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company, he made a requisition upon the quartermaster, himself, for something he wanted. As quartermaster, he declined to fill the requisition, and indorsed on the back of it his reasons for so doing. As company commander, he responded to this, urging that his requisition called for nothing but what he was entitled to, and that it was the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. As quartermaster, he still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs, Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer of the post. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed: 'My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarreled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarreling with yourself.'"

This defeat of Bragg on his chosen and well-intrenched ground produced such an effect throughout the south that, as Grant thinks, if their people and press had been allowed the same license of expression that was used in the North, the battle of Chattanooga would have been the last one fought for the preservation of the Union. As it was, it permitted the withdrawal of a sufficient number of troops to raise the siege of Knoxville, where Burnside had for some time been hemmed in, the president and the war department "suffering an agony of suspense" on his account.

A successful but not very important raid of Sherman in Mississippi, ending in the occupation of Meridan, is of interest as showing Grant's retention of the judgments that he had already formed, even though they conflict with the general, almost universal, opinion of the public. Thomas had been ordered to co-operate with Sherman,

but his movements were so slow that he had to be prompted more than once. This is in harmony with the harsh judgment expressed by Grant in connection with Thomas' slowness in ordering the charge at Chatanooga, and as it is nowhere offset by any praise at all commensurate with the blame, the effect is unfavorable to the reputation of this officer. Even in the description of the battles of Franklin and Nashville in December, 1864, the acknowledgment of the splendor of the Union victories is obscured by the censure unsparingly cast on Thomas for his reluctance to move out of his intrenchments and attack Hood's advancing army.

That this judgment is not one formed in later years is shown by the numerous dispatches sent to Thomas: "I had to say to General Thomas that I should remove him unless he acted promptly. He replied that he was very sorry, but he would move as soon as he could."

In the early part of March, 1864, Grant was called to Washington to receive his commission as lieutenant-general, a grade that had been restored, in order to confer it upon the successful commander. That done, he hurried to the front, not to review the splendid Army of the Potomac (new to him but veteran to the field), but to confirm Meade in its immediate command.

At last the time had come for one combined movement of all the armies of the Union, having for its object the accomplishment of a single purpose, the destruction of Lee's army and the capture of Richmond. To this everything else was to be subsidiary, no matter how important it might be in itself. The preliminaries to the opening of the great campaign were inauspicious. Banks had met with reverses on the Red river and thereby "eliminated the use of 40,000 veterans whose co-operation had been expected." Butler had contrived to squeeze his army into a narrow neck of land between the James and the Appomattox, where he was so completely "bottled up" as to be incapable of rendering assistance. Sigel managed to complicate the situation still further by his personal failure in West Virginia a few days after the advance began. With these exceptions, everything went in harmony, without a backward movement.

May 4th was the day appointed long beforehand for the beginning of the gigantic

operations that were to end in strangling the Confederacy. Sherman had previously visited the three armies of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Ohio, that belonged in his military division of the Mississippi and were commanded by Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield. These, in spite of all deficiencies, were made to move promptly on time, to join the advance against Joseph E. Johnston's well-equipped army of southern veterans. A chapter, certainly brief enough, is given up to a description of the celebrated series of flanking movements, with hard-fought battles again and again, that ended in the occupation of Atlanta on the 2d of September, making the campaign, as Grant says, "one of the most memorable in history."

Sherman's sojourn at Atlanta was longer than he had expected. On the fall of the city, Johnston had been removed from the command by Jefferson Davis, and Hood appointed in his place. That general, instead of continuing to face Sherman, turned toward the southwest and then northward, destroying railroads as he went along, cutting Sherman's lines of communication and threatening an invasion of the free states. Sherman could not follow him without undoing all that had been accomplished, but he sent Thomas back to Nashville with a large body of troops, trusting to him to take care of Hood. Then, cutting loose from his base of supplies and from all northern connections, he started on the march to the sea, which ended in the occupation of Savannah on the 21st of December. For this last movement, bold in its conception and skillful in its execution, Sherman is accorded all the credit by the writer, who states specifically that he himself had nothing to do with devising or planning it.

Before daylight on the 4th of May, the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan, a passage as memorable in its way as that of the Rubicon, for it was the decisive step from which there was to be no retreat. There were one hundred and sixteen thousand men when they started out, and the same number was counted after the crossing of the James river, a month and a half later. But within those six weeks forty thousand men had dropped out of the ranks from death, wounds, or capture, and forty thousand more had been sent from the North to fill

their vacant places. These frightful losses had occurred mainly in the desperate battle of the Wilderness, on the two days following the passage of the Rapidan; in the equally bloody engagement at Spottsylvania just afterward, in the crossing of the North Anna, and in the assaults at Cold Harbor.

In all these, the fighting was desperate, with losses almost equal on both sides, and in the last the carnage was dreadful; not that the fatalities were so great as before, but the waste of life was of so little avail. But the iron soldier gives no sign of horror till he has finished the somewhat technical account of Hancock's heroic charges against the enemy. Then he indulges himself in a retrospect, or perhaps his mind misgives him as the shadows of his last days close about him. "I have always regretted," he says, "that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made. No advantage whatever was gained to compensate for the heavy losses we sustained."

Why multiply details of this sanguinary campaign? It was more stubborn than any of Grant's former conflicts, and his determined efforts to get between the Army of Northern Virginia under Lee and the rebel capital, were foiled every time. Sheridan succeeded in making a cavalry raid around the Confederate lines and getting within the outer circle of the intrenchments around Richmond, but little real good was gained thereby. The flank movements of the Army of the Potomac were changed into lengthened detours, the last of which ended in crossing the James and getting south of Richmond. During the rest of the year, the army had no general engagement.

Petersburg was invested, after the opportunity for a successful assault had been allowed to slip by, and after several outlying redans had been taken, with much loss of life, there was nothing to do but to run a series of mines under the works in front of the city. The explosion, which took place on the 30th of July, was unprecedentedly grand as a display of fireworks, but it was worse than useless. A division of Burnside's corps was sent into the crater before the smoke had cleared away, but it had to retire with the loss of four thousand men. The whole thing, as Grant says, was "a stupendous failure."

The Shenandoah valley now became the

theater of war. Hunter, who succeeded Sigel, had done good service there in gaining the battle of Staunton, thereby breaking up one of Lee's principal bases of supply. But he was not quite the man for the place, and he was hampered by incessant instructions from Washington. Grant finally succeeded in having Sheridan appointed to the command, in spite of Stanton's opposition, which was based on the youthfulness of the dashing cavalryman. Victory followed, of course. The decisive defeat of Early at Opequon creek in September, succeeded by the melodramatic incidents of the ride to Winchester, showed the country that all danger of the capture of Washington was over, and that Grant's clutch upon Lee would never be shaken till the end had come.

The close of 1864 and the beginning of 1865 were marked by two performances at Fort Fisher on the North Carolina coast, guarding the entrance to Wilmington, which was one of the few ports of entry still left to the Confederacy, and one that had always been most attractive to the blockade-runners. The first effort to capture the fort was made by Butler, and was, naturally, a ridiculous failure. When the attempt was renewed three weeks later Terry carried the place by assault.

By the first of February, Sherman started from Savannah, on his march to the North. Few commanders would have undertaken to advance through a country swarming with hostile troops and with more than one army menacing him from a distance, ready to sweep down upon him when the desired combination could be effected. To prevent this, Grant had ordered both Thomas and Canby to send out expeditions that should keep the larger forces of the Confederacy in the southwest from moving eastward. Both of these officers were exasperatingly slow in moving, and their tardiness enabled the remnant of Hood's army to be combined with other troops, all of whom were put under the command of Johnston. That officer did not, however, see fit to precipitate a general engagement, and it was not till Sherman had got into North Carolina that any fighting of importance was done. Even then, there was no obstruction to his progress, and he occupied Goldsboro' before the end of March, having passed through several cities in South Carolina on

his way, avoiding Charleston, which was evacuated more rapidly than if he had appeared before it.

Before the final struggle began, peace commissioners presented themselves in front of Grant's army and were sent to his headquarters at City Point. They were Vice-President Stephens and two other officials of the Confederacy, and their errand was deemed so important that President Lincoln with a member of his cabinet went down to meet them. Nothing came of the negotiations, though Mr. Lincoln told them that if the south would recognize two things (that the Union as a whole must be forever preserved and that slavery must be abolished) he would be almost willing to hand them a blank sheet of paper, with his signature attached, for them to fill in with what terms they pleased.

The winter having passed away, Sheridan was brought down from the Shenandoah, after he had, in the beginning of March, captured nearly the whole of Early's command. It took some time and some fighting for him to get to the headquarters of the commanding general, which he reached just after Lee had made a desperate, but unsuccessful, effort to break the lines that were so tightly gathered about Petersburg. The plan for the grand movement was then told to him, as it had been laid out by Grant. Sherman had wished that nothing should be done till he could get up from North Carolina, which would be about the middle of April, but Grant decided to move on an earlier day.

For this there were three reasons: First, the North was getting terribly impatient over the prolongation of the war. Second, there was the greatest danger that Lee might slip away any night. Third, Grant was anxious to obtain for the Army of the Potomac the glory for which they had fought through four long years and of a part of which they would be deprived, in the mouths of politicians at least, if, before they had completed their work, Sherman's victorious soldiers should come to their aid.

On the 29th of March, Sheridan was started out to sweep around south of the army and strike the enemy at Five Forks, the extreme point of Lee's right flank. His attack was at first successful, but he soon had to fall back, and Warren was ordered to

his support. The extreme deliberation of that general receives the severest censure at the hands of our historian (as, indeed, had been the case on previous occasions), and Sheridan himself was so provoked by it that he removed Warren on the field and put Griffin in command of the fifth corps. That done, the assault was renewed and the enemy were routed with great slaughter.

The next day, a general assault was made all along the line with uniform success, so that the prisoners taken in this series of battles numbered about twelve thousand, with fifty pieces of artillery. A bombardment of Petersburg, with an assault to follow, was ordered for the next morning, but before that could be done, the city was evacuated and Richmond was abandoned at the same time.

Grant started at once in pursuit of Lee, hoping to head him off before he could join Johnston's army and crush Sherman with the united forces. Day after day, the running fight continued, one side filled with the courage of despair, the other flushed with repeated victory. Each day saw Lee's flying columns crumbling away, even more by desertion than by capture or by death, and, finally, on the 9th of April, the Army of Northern Virginia, reduced to less than thirty thousand, surrendered. Terms more liberal than were ever granted by a conqueror before enabled all the soldiers, officers, and privates to return to their homes, each man taking all the property that he could claim as his own, even to the horse on which he rode.

The rest of the story is soon told. Sherman, who could not be defeated by Johnston, was completely outwitted by him in diplomacy, and received his capitulation with terms so favorable that they were immediately rejected by the government in Wash-

ington, and a complete surrender, as in the case of Lee, was insisted on. Not only that, but Sherman fell instantly into disrepute, was deprived of his command, was treated with great indignity by the war office, and incurred on the part of the public a suspicion that was as short-lived as it was unjust. Mobile fell about the same time, and the various bodies of troops scattered throughout the late Confederacy laid down their arms.

Before this was accomplished, the assassin's bullet destroyed the life of President Lincoln, the best friend the South had in all the North. His death changed the policy of conciliation, which would have been certain to follow the war. It put at the head of the government a man that drove the southerners nearly to distraction by his savage threats of vengeance, and that, suddenly altering his attitude, did them immeasurably more harm by going over to their side and antagonizing congress in their behalf. The result was the passage of those harsh measures known as the reconstruction acts, and the postponement of anything like cordiality between the sections till within a recent period.

These things are freely commented on in the book before us, and the author's opinions are given with no uncertain sound. It is, however, in his remarks on the characteristics of the generals that served under him that the power of the writer is more plainly recognized. With well-chosen words, he praises them for their admirable qualities, while, with just discrimination, he indicates the points in which they fall short of the highest excellence. The volume closes with a graceful recognition of the universal sympathy expressed for General Grant in his last illness. It is his farewell to the world.

NO CAUSE FOR ASTONISHMENT.

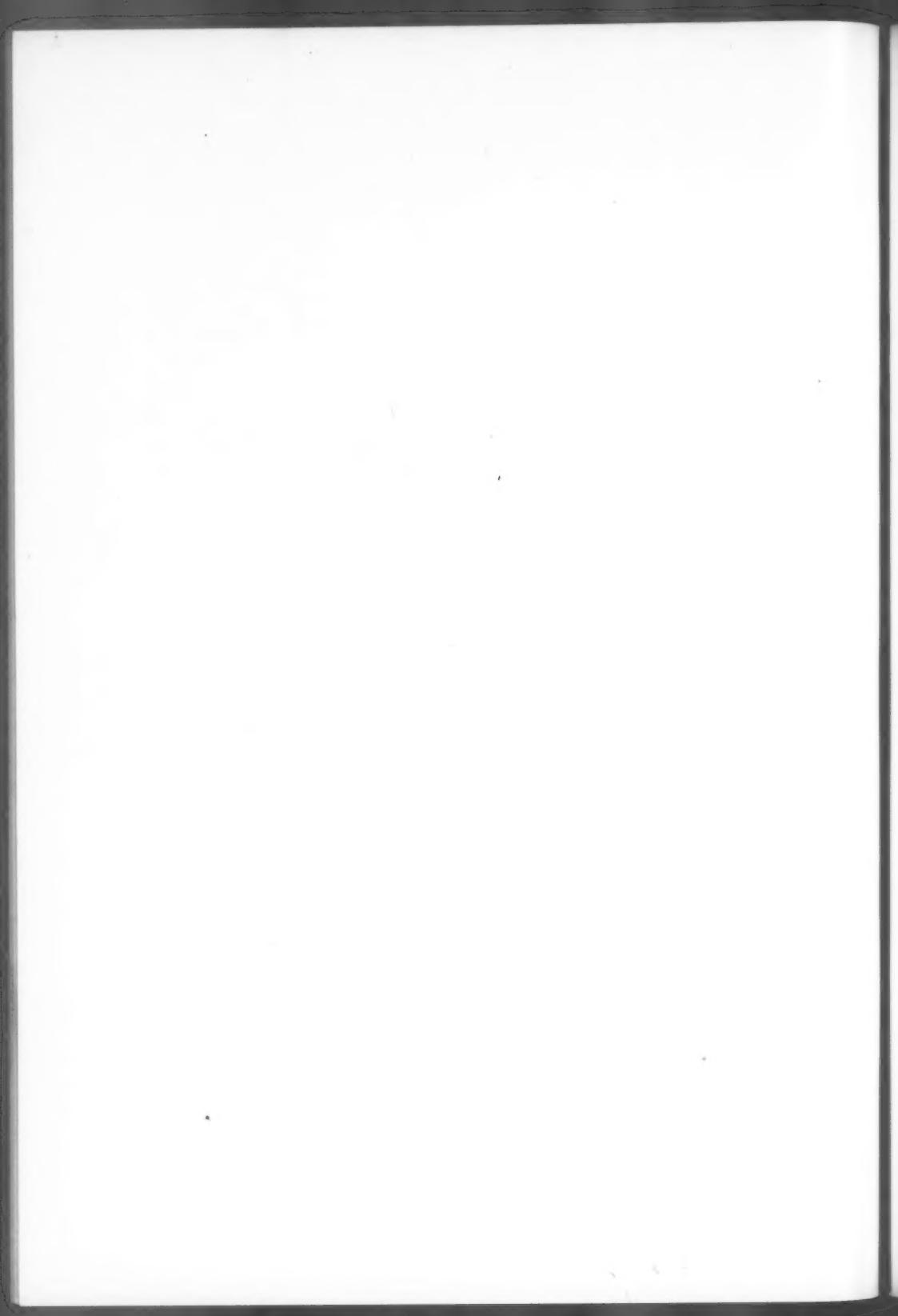
MUCH astonishment has been expressed at the salary that the Harpers pay Mr. W. D. Howells. But a moment's reflection only is required to convince one that ten thousand dollars a year is small pay for him. Suppose he stood as high in the legal or medical profession as he does as a writer, would this sum be considered a large

income? Suppose his ability as a railroad or an insurance manager, or a bank president, were as great as his ability as a writer, would a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year excite surprise? No. Twenty-five thousand dollars would be simply fair pay. Comparatively speaking, Mr. Howells' salary from the Harpers is very small.



AT THE CREEK.

After the painting of R. Warthmueller.



THE VOICE OF THE HEART.

BY C. WILD.

FULL of weariness, the young mother made a gesture of impatience.

"Let me alone, Ella!" she said in a tired, sluggish voice. "Go to your corner and play with your dolls. I have no use for you here just now."

Over the chubby, rosy face of the little girl spread a troubled shadow.

Mamma was ever thus. She always sent her little one to her dolls, when she came near her, and yet Ella loved her beautiful mamma so much!

How gladly had she climbed into her lap and wound her small arms about her mamma's neck and hugged her to her heart, just as little Marie, who lived on the third story, used to do to her mamma. Oh, what a good, good time little Marie had, although she did not wear nice clothes like Ella, nor get candy and other sweets; but, instead, her mother played and romped with her, and once, yes, once, Ella had seen how Marie's mamma had pressed her little daughter to her heart again and again, and kissed her lips.

Ella's mamma never yet did that; and yet she was so beautiful, much more beautiful than Marie's mamma, who always wore the same dress of black stuff and never had bracelets or rings.

"We are poor," Marie said, when Ella asked her once why she, too, did not go riding in a beautiful carriage, and why she had no big dolls like hers.

Poor! The child did not comprehend the meaning of this word. She was so accustomed to have things nice and elegant, that they were indifferent to her. Her little heart yearned so much for love, and just that was denied her. Her papa was good to her, of course, but he had so little time at his disposal; and the French nurse that she had was a peevish, unfriendly person, who liked best to read books and leave the child to herself.

And her mamma, her beautiful mamma! To her, little Ella seemed only to be a burden. When the child came to her every

morning, she touched with a cold kiss her daughter's luxuriant blonde hair. That was her only sign of tenderness.

After dinner, Ella was permitted each day to play for an hour with her doll in her mamma's room, then she was dismissed and did not go to see her mamma again until the next morning.

A heavy sigh used to lift the gentle bosom of the child. The large blue eyes fixed themselves on the beautiful woman as she used to lie, folded in an elegant silk wrapper, on an ottoman. With soft hand, Ella was accustomed to stroke the expensive lace embroideries of its garniture. It smelled so sweet, it looked so pretty, so airy! Ah! if her mamma would allow her just once to play with the pale blue ribbons that peeped here and there through the laces so enticingly! Little Ella could not withstand the temptation. Yearningly she stretched out her little rosy fingers and took hold of the knots of ribbons. The young mother was aroused from her reveries by the touch.

"What! You are standing there yet?" she asked.

She was going to add a reproof, only the great baby eyes looked at her so beseechingly that she involuntarily continued in a milder tone:

"Do you want anything, Ella?"

The eyes of the child lighted up like two bright sunbeams.

"I would like—I wish, mamma, that you loved me a little," she stammered, confused.

"I do love you, Ella," she said, laying her hand lightly on the blonde head of the little girl.

"Very, very much, mamma?"

"Very much!"

The child drew a long breath.

"Then, then," she asked, pressing her little hands together tightly, "then perhaps you will take me on your lap and kiss me, as Marie's mother does her?"

The young mother slowly arose from her half-reclining position. For a few moments

she stared fixedly at the little questioner.

"Mamma!" entreated the little one timidly.

Over the lady's beautiful face flashed something like tenderness. She bowed herself to the child, and, closing Ella in her arms, lifted the tiny form to her lap.

"Are you satisfied now, Ella?"

"Oh, mamma," cried the child exultingly, winding her arms around her mother's neck, "how good you are, though! and how dear, how dear you will be to me for your goodness."

The mother took the little blonde head in her delicate, slender hands and looked deep into the eyes of her daughter. Oh, it was the image of an unloved husband that met her gaze, mirrored in the rosy child-face.

She drew a deep sigh and then suddenly pressed a kiss on the little mouth.

"Now go, Ella," she said gently, placing the child on the floor, "go and be a good girl. Mamma would like to be left undisturbed now."

Obediently the child went to the corner to her dolls. A reflection of inward happiness rested on the sweet little face. Her mamma had never before been so good to her! While the child continued to play with her dolls, the young mother lay with half-closed eyes on the ottoman.

She was very handsome, this young wife of the wealthy manufacturer Reinhardt, and she was generally considered one of the most noted beauties of the capital, a recognition that she unquestionably deserved.

Manuela was very young when she became Reinhardt's wife. She had counted hardly seventeen summers when her husband was, at least, twice that age.

Manuela's father was a rich banker, who, through unfortunate speculations, became, one might almost say, in one night a beggar. He could not bear his loss and shot himself, leaving his widow and daughter in the most straightened circumstances. The family had been accustomed to live in elegant style, keeping a house celebrated for the brilliancy of its entertainments. Now penury and misery stared the two women in the face. All their friends drew back from them when misfortune overtook them.

One alone remained faithful, and he was Reinhardt. He took the forsaken ones

under his protection and brought to order, so far as he could, their confused affairs. Half a year after the catastrophe, Manuela became his wife. No mortal, not even her mother, guessed that she buried in her breast a youthful illusion, when she gave Reinhardt her hand.

Manuela had a cousin, a very young and handsome man, who, while she was hardly out of her baby shoes, used to trifle and toy with her in the way such young people are wont to do. He had thought of nothing when he used to whisper flatteries in the ear of his pretty cousin, or when he kissed her hand with boyish gallantry.

But Manuela had taken all these signs of tenderness very earnestly. Cousin Victor had remained the ideal of her maiden dreams, although he was removed and had to take his quarters in another garrison. The handsome lieutenant, with the blonde down covering his upper lip sank deep in her heart, and she shed many hot tears at his departure. Soon afterward, the misfortune happened to her family. Manuela had heard nothing more from her cousin.

As Reinhardt sued for her hand, her first impulse was to utter "no." The still and earnest man had not understood how to win the sympathy of the young girl.

But Manuela was accustomed to a glittering existence, and the present condition of affairs weighed heavily upon her. Her mother, also, was delighted at this happy turn of things. Manuela herself had to confess that Reinhardt's wooing was a piece of good fortune. She gave up the dreams of her girlhood and resolved to forget her cousin Victor.

In the beginning, she seemed to succeed in this very well. The novelty of her position, the return to riches, which had been painfully missed, all this worked so lively an influence, that she found no time to think of her lost happiness. Soon, however, it was different. Manuela's mother sickened, and died after a short illness.

The young wife felt herself suddenly isolated, and, during the time that her mourning compelled her to avoid society, the memories of the past crowded upon her with double force. She thought more than ever of her young and handsome cousin, whom her earnest and quiet husband resembled in nothing, and deeper and deeper

Victor's image stamped itself on her heart.

She had no idea how fervently, how tenderly, her serious husband loved her. She saw in him only the one that had robbed her of her freedom, that had thrust her in a gilded cage, as one guards a rare and brilliant bird, in order to have an ornament for his house, and a deep resentment took possession of her. She became ever colder, ever more repellent to her husband; and Reinhardt was too proud to sue further for a heart that felt for him no warmer sentiments. He gave himself up completely to his business, and left the young wife to herself.

This neglect, as she called it, embittered Manuela still more. At the bottom of her heart, it pained her to believe that she had been married simply because she was beautiful. She became a mother, but she showed little affection for her child. It was his child, too, and the more little Ella grew, the more striking became her resemblance to her father. From the mother she got alone the beautiful blonde hair and the great blue eyes.

Ella was handed over to strange hirelings, and her handsome mother, afterwards as before, went her own way. She was not at all coquettish, and soon she found no longer any enjoyment in the intoxicating whirl of social pleasures that surrounded her. Only what could she do?

She felt impelled to go on in order to forget her domestic misery; perhaps, also, to deaden the inward voice that sometimes kept whispering to her warningly:

"You have from the very beginning badly fulfilled the duties of a wife. It should have been your part to have made your own the heart of your husband, with gentleness and kindness, instead of showing him, as you have, coldness and indifference. Without compromising your womanly dignity, you could have been friendlier and more amiable, and many a thing would have been different."

But Manuela was deaf to this voice. It was not her part to sue for love; it was the part of her husband, who had chosen her, and that he did not do it hurt her more than she was willing to confess.

Thus had she dragged along the yoke of her unhappy marriage four years, when Victor returned to the capital.

The young and good-looking lieutenant had become an elegant officer. "The handsome captain," people used to call him; and he was indeed a very attractive man.

His polished and high-bred demeanor assured him everywhere a favorable reception from the ladies, and although the men found him in many respects not exactly to their taste, he had all the women on his side.

What Manuela felt at seeing him again, no words can express. Joy and an undefined sentiment of fear disputed actively in her soul. The long, somewhat too bold look of admiration that the captain gave her drove the blood to her cheeks and caused her heart to beat tumultuously. Had Victor forgotten his former affection for her? or—she dared not think of it! and yet he came back ever to her mind—what could, what would come of it?

It was natural that Reinhardt should open his house to the cousin of his wife. The captain came pretty often; and also in society he was seen most frequently at Manuela's side. And yet no word of calumny dared to make busy with her name. The cold and reserved carriage of the young wife excluded in advance any shadow of suspicion.

Even the handsome captain, who had thought to come to see and to conquer, found himself somewhat mistaken. Manuela's repose led even him astray, and her apparent coldness caused the fire to flame up more fiercely in his heart.

But Victor's affection did not resemble Manuela's. He loved merely the beautiful woman, while she still saw in him always the dear companion of her childhood. He had forgotten long ago the triflings of past years, while she held to their sweet memories with all her strength.

It was that only, in her eyes, that excused the sudden passion flaming up in her heart. She would not acknowledge to herself that her husband's indifference had anything to do with it; whether Reinhardt loved her or not, it did not matter.

Thus an entire year passed since the captain's coming, and he did not yet understand the exact footing on which he stood with Manuela. Sometimes it seemed to him as though her eyes met his with love, but directly thereafter she would encounter his

glances with such coldness and repose that he lost every illusion.

His sighs, his half-whispered words, remained unheeded; and yet it seemed to him again as though she listened gladly to these confessions that came in sweet, caressing tones from his lips.

While the child played quietly in her corner, Manuela was dreaming of her love which took her whole being captive, which offered her the happiness that, until now, her married life had failed to give her.

"Why, why had Reinhardt never shown her such tenderness, such affection!"

Horrified at her own thoughts, she sprang up. Why did the image of this man always mingle in her reveries? Indeed, she did not care for him, and she—oh, she hated him!

She arose and went to the child.

"Go to your nurse now, Ella," she said.

The little one looked up to her entreatingly.

"Mayn't I stay just a little while? I will be so good, mamma!"

"No!"

Her tone was so short, so coldly repellent, that little Ella caught up her dolls in silence and sadly slipped out of the room.

Manuela gazed after the pretty little form as it disappeared behind the portiere. She was just going to call the child back to her, but she quickly restrained the impulse. There, leaning against the door that led into her small reception room, was the captain. The young wife involuntarily pressed both hands on her wildly throbbing heart.

"How did you come here?" she asked, looking down confused at her *negligée*. "Why did you not have yourself announced?"

"I found no one in the ante-room," he answered, slowly drawing nearer.

"Unpardonable carelessness!" cried the young wife, trembling in every limb.

"Manuela," he interrupted, in passionate tones, "how charming you look in those airy garments!"

Manuela became pale. Her husband never had this tone of rapture for her, and yet he saw her every day "in those airy garments."

She gave no answer. A terrible dread took possession of her. She felt that this hour would be decisive, and she shook with emotion. The captain had seized both her

hands in his and was pressing his burning lips upon them.

"Leave me, Victor," she moaned.

"No, no, no! for I love you. I love you, and will dare everything, providing I may call you mine!"

He tried to embrace her, but she stepped back. Then he fell before her on his knees. Glowing and passionate words burst from his lips, and she listened to them with heightened color in her cheeks.

Did this wild and stormy speech find a response in her breast? Singular, while she listened with quickened pulse and heaving bosom to Victor's words, the earnest face of her husband rose before her eyes. Why had he never addressed her thus?

Because he did not love her; because she was for him merely a beautiful statue to adorn his mansion. No more; no less. She sighed and drew away her hands from Victor's.

"Stand up!" she said. "I will not hear you further!"

But the ice was broken. The captain understood women too well not to know that Manuela was already half conquered. A proud, triumphant smile played around his lips as he left Reinhardt's house.

After this, Manuela listened readily to his assurances of love. She heard him in silence when he arranged a plan of flight, and tried to persuade her to leave the house of her husband. Why not? What did she want at the side of this man? But to lie, to deceive and betray him—she was too proud for that. If she broke faith with him, everybody should know it. She was not afraid of publicity. If he had a treasure, why did he not esteem it enough to guard it better?

The captain's intention was to take a long furlough and to go with her to sunny Italy. Reinhardt had to leave the city for several days, and Manuela was to take advantage of this to leave his house forever.

The captain had received permission to absent himself from his military duties for a longer time, and had arranged all his affairs, so that nothing more remained in the way of their flight. Nevertheless, Manuela put off the time of the carrying out of their plan until the evening before Reinhardt's return.

No matter how impetuously Victor begged,

she stood firm. It was as though she were loath to depart, as though she could not tear herself away from the house where she had been mistress so many years.

And her child, her little Ella! The thought of her little girl, who had enjoyed so meager a portion of her affections, weighed often heavily on her heart. Should she take the child with her? Had she a right to do it—she who, trampling under foot every consideration, was about to desert her husband in secret?

No, Ella must stay with her father. The child would bring him too much to her remembrance. As soon as she left Reinhardt's house, every tie must be severed. Indeed, it were better so!

But she would not refuse herself one parting kiss. She had lately occupied herself more with the child, and a warmer feeling toward her had grown up in her heart, feelings that she herself did not understand; but as she now stood, in that late hour of the night, before the bed of the sleeping child, a wild and overwhelming sense of sorrow convulsed her.

It was her child, too, although the features were those of an unloved husband. It was her own flesh and blood, and she was going to forsake it now, never, never to return! She bowed herself over the sleeping child and hot tears dropped on the blonde tresses.

Ella moved uneasily from side to side. Her cheeks were of a dark red color, and the little hands that Manuela gently and lightly touched were burning hot.

The young mother gazed at her child anxiously. Between the half-opened lips that looked like two tender rose petals, the breath came quick and irregular. The bosom rose and fell with an effort, and now came, hoarse and broken, from Ella's mouth:

"Mamma, mamma!"

Forgetful of everything, Manuela bent her head low down to the little girl.

"Ella, my darling Ella!" she cried.

Then two full, round arms wound themselves tightly around her neck, two great blue eyes opened wide, and a half-smothered child's voice whispered:

"Mamma, mamma, stay!"

"I will stay with you, my darling! I will stay with you!" Manuela sobbed, pressing her little daughter to her breast.

"I will be a better mother to you than I have been. But, Ella, my darling, what ails you, say?"

A hollow rattling in the throat was the only answer. The blue eyes closed and the little one sank back, seemingly lifeless. Manuela called anxiously for the nurse, who slept in the adjoining chamber, and whose door stood open.

Some time passed before the sleepy Frenchwoman was aroused. She was much astonished to find her mistress, in the middle of the night, at the little girl's couch. But Manuela gave her no time to express her wonder in words. She commanded her, in a voice tremulous with terror, to send immediately for a physician and to awaken one of the servants. Ella had been taken suddenly ill.

Then she turned again to her daughter, who lay in a high fever.

She gave no thought to the circumstance that the captain was waiting for her at the next street corner with a carriage to convey her to the railroad station; that she ought to have been there long ago, if she did not wish to miss the night train. She thought of nothing, nothing but her sick child.

The physician shook his head gravely. Ella was in the grasp of one of the most dangerous diseases known to childhood. While Manuela sat, pale and distressed, at the bed of her child, the captain was announced.

A shudder overran the form of the young wife. Was he coming to remind her of her promise?

"I receive no one," she said shortly and sternly to the servant. "Tell the captain I cannot leave my sick child."

The servant went, but returned immediately. The captain begged for just one moment, a pressing affair. Then Manuela arose with her blue eyes glittering with anger, but she controlled herself. She cast one long look once more on the child, as she left the room with firm step.

In the small reception room, the captain advanced impetuously to meet her.

"Manuela, what does this mean? Why did you keep me waiting yesterday in vain?"

She looked at him proudly.

"Because I did not wish to go with you," she said slowly. "Because I have learned

to see my fault, and because I cannot leave my child."

"You intend, then, to wait until her recovery?" he asked in an irritable tone. "I had not expected to find you so sentimental."

Her lips curled in a contemptuous smile.

"You have misunderstood me. I shall never forsake this house willingly!"

"Manuela!" He stepped towards her passionately, and sought to seize her hand, but she waved him back.

"All is over between us," she said, drawing a long breath. "Forget me, and avoid this house in the future."

"Do you really mean it?" he cried, more enraged than wounded. "So you have been only playing with me, and I have been the victim of your mockeries!"

"Believe whatever you will," she answered, her blue eyes fixed full upon him. "We are henceforth strangers to each other."

She bent her head slightly and was about to withdraw, when he stepped hastily in her way.

"No, no, Manuela!" he said in a voice trembling with anger, "you do not cast me off so easily. Answer me! Why do you wish to give me up?"

"Leave me! I must go to my child."

He caught her violently by the arm.

"Stay, Manuela! I must hear your reasons!"

"I wish to make atonement for my errors in becoming a good mother to my child, if God will let her remain with me," she cried, growing very pale; "and now this is enough. I must go."

She tried to loosen herself from his grasp, but he held her fast.

"Manuela," he entreated, contemplating her with burning glances, "I love you so fondly!"

"Let me go, or I will call for help!"

He released her without another word. For a few moments longer, they gazed in each other's eyes, she proud and cold, he angry and stern; then both turned at the same time to go.

Manuela returned to the sick room. The captain went directly to the railroad station and left the city on the next train.

As Reinhardt came back that evening, Manuela sprang to meet him.

"At last, at last!" she cried in a voice choked with tears, throwing herself wildly into his arms, "the doctor has just said that there is hope!"

Reinhardt, astonished, clasped his sobbing wife in his arms. What had taken place during his absence? His wife had never met him thus before.

With gentle words, he sought to quiet her and then he learned of Ella's illness, and that the danger was happily over. He could hardly believe his senses, such a change had taken place in Manuela's manner and bearing toward him.

With what tender care she nursed her little daughter! With what love her eyes rested on the sweet face of the child!

Was Reinhardt made the sport of a dream, or would it remain this way always? The solution of the riddle became known to him as they sat that night by each other, watching over the sleep of their daughter; for Manuela, although completely worn out, refused peremptorily to surrender her position at the bedside of the little patient. Sweetly and restfully, Ella slept. The mild light of the night lamp fell on her face, down upon which both parents gazed tenderly.

Restfulness and peace lay on the little face. Restfulness and peace entered the heart of Manuela also. She found sufficient courage to tell her husband all, and to beg his forgiveness. No false shame held her back from being truthful and open with him; for she felt that an honorable confession alone could make her worthy of his confidence.

When she ended, he held her hands with a gentle pressure.

"Why did you want to leave me, Manuela?"

"Because I felt myself lonely and forsaken; because I knew you did not love me," came passionately from her lips. "You passed me by so coldly, without making an effort to win my heart!"

"Look at me!"

Slowly she lifted her glance. What did she read in his eyes? What did he in hers? She lowered her head to his breast silently; his arms enfolded her.

"I will try to win your love," he said.

MARY JEMISON.

1742 OR 3—1833.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

SHE was a slender slip of a girl to send alone at nightfall a mile or more to borrow the horse that she was to lead home before breakfast in the early morning; a fair-skinned, blue-eyed girl of thirteen, delicate in feature, little hands and feet, the daughter of the well-to-do farmer, Thomas Jemison, a Scotch-Irish settler on the frontier of Pennsylvania. There were six of the Jemison boys and girls, and a very happy home was theirs, with their good and thrifty mother.

They heard of trouble with the Indians in other localities along the border, but they felt safe in their frontier home, even when they heard the wolves howl at night, or missed a lamb or a calf after the visit of a prowling panther. Mr. Jemison must have been over-driven with work that spring day, when Mary was sent alone to borrow the horse. No doubt the adventure was a pleasant change for the child, although she used to tell, in her after life, that she had a warning that night that something was going to happen.

She was safe home betimes in the morning, leading her horse, and hungry for the breakfast she knew would be waiting for her. She found that company had arrived the night before, a woman and three little children, and the woman's brother-in-law, the family of a man that was "fighting in Washington's army." Mary's mother was getting breakfast. The children were playing together. The two elder Jemison boys were at work near the barn. The men were outside. There was the sound of the firing of guns, shot after shot, in quick succession, and before those women and children could speak for fright, in rushed the savages that had killed the uncle of the children, and had bound Mr. Jemison at his very door. In a few moments, they were all helpless prisoners, their hands tied behind them, and the Indians driving them into the woods, lashing the little children forward with a whip.

Each Indian carried away as much plunder as he could, the bread, meal, and meat

of Mrs. Jemison's larder, and the breakfast her children might not taste. All day they marched to the westward, never a mouthful of food or a drop of water, expecting every moment to be tomahawked or burnt at the stake. At night, they were suffered to drop down on the damp ground, without fire or shelter, the pitiful wailing of the starving children awakening no pity in the savage heart. On again they moved at early day-break, halting at sunrise, when Mrs. Jemison's meat and bread were sparingly given out.

At the end of the second day's journey, the good mother, who had cheered her dear ones all she could, saw the Indians taking off Mary's shoes and stockings and putting a pair of moccasins on her feet. The same was done to the little boy whose father was in Washington's army. The mothers knew what that meant. The two children were to be adopted by the Indians. All but Mary and the little boy would never see another sunset.

Mrs. Jemison managed to say a last word to her little Mary. She bade her good-bye, charging her to remember her prayers and the English language, and not to try running away from the Indians. "I was crying," said Mary Jemison, in telling the story years after, "and an Indian came and led me away. 'Don't cry, Mary,' mother called after me. 'God bless you, my child.'"

She and the little boy lay under the bushes that night with an Indian guarding them. They never slept, but the Indian did; and then the boy begged Mary to run away with him, to hide in the woods; but her mother's counsel kept her where she was.

The next morning they were hurried forward again, she and the boy the only captives. They knew, without being told, that the others of their party, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, had been murdered in the night, and that they would never see them again. They dared not cry, dared not complain.

The next night, they encamped by a fire.

It had been raining, and they were cold and wet. Again Mary ate her mother's bread, and, crouching by the fire, she watched the Indians dress the bloody scalps they had brought with them. One was combing the gory locks of her mother; another, the flaxen hair of her little brothers and sisters. If she fell asleep at all, it was to start and see those horrible scalps drying before the fire.

Through rain and snow, they marched on, day after day, at last reaching Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg. There the face and hair of the captives were painted red. A young white man, a prisoner, had been added to their company. They were shut up alone in an empty building inside the fort. Another terrible night was passed; for they might well dread the morrow, when, they had reason to believe, they would be horribly tortured and put to death, or turned into the forest to save themselves from the wild beasts as best they could. Early in the morning, the young man and the little boy were taken out of the fort, leaving Mary alone in her terror. She never heard from them again; never knew their fate.

Now, two Seneca squaws, who had lost a brother in the warfare going on between red man and white man, were looking at that moment for a prisoner, or an enemy's scalp. Either would comfort them for the loss of their brother. It was a custom among the Indians for the mourners of the dead in battle to welcome the returning braves and claim a prisoner or a scalp. With the prisoner they could do what they liked, torture or adopt, just as they pleased. The two Seneca squaws received a prisoner and scalps in this case.

They were extremely pleased with Mary, and decided to adopt her. So she sailed away with them in their canoe, a larger canoe going before them down the Ohio, an Indian standing in the stern, holding upon a pole the scalps of her family. Her mother's bright red hair floated before her eyes, and seemed leading her to her new home. They passed a Shawnee town, where she saw a smouldering fire and the suspended fragments of the bodies of white people, who had just been burned to death. About eighty miles by river from Fort Pitt they landed at the wigwam of the Seneca squaws.

Her new sisters were very kind to her. They named her Deh-ge-wa-nus, meaning Two-falling-voices. The little pale-faced stranger, who had taken their brother's place in their hearts, had lulled by her voice the voice of their sorrow. She was given light work only to do, and was forbidden to speak English. Remembering her mother's last words, she would go away alone and repeat her prayers and familiar English words. In time, she ceased doing so; but she never wholly forgot her mother's tongue.

The story of her life for four years at She-nanjee, where in summer she planted, and hoed, and harvested the corn, and squash, and beans, and where in winter she went into the forest with the hunters; her hopes of escape more than once prevented by the watchful affection of her Indian sisters; her early marriage to Sin-nin-jee, a Delaware brave—all this, as told in the account of her life by James E. Seaver, is a romance of thrilling incident, giving us a deep insight into Indian life. Singular as it may seem, she became contented, even happy. "Only one thing marred my happiness," she said in after years, "remembering my parents and the home I loved."

Some of Sin-nin-jee's kindred lived in the Genesee valley in Western New York, the fair hunting-grounds of the Senecas in the Iroquois long house. In the fall of 1758, when her baby Thomas was about nine months old, she set out with her husband and three of his brothers, and her baby, of course, to visit these relatives in the Genesee. Sin-nin-jee, hearing of good winter hunting "down the river," concluded not to go to the Genesee until the spring. Mary went on with his brothers, her big baby on her back, traveling nearly six hundred miles on foot through an almost pathless wilderness, reaching Little Beard's Town (now Cuylerville) late in the autumn. The fatigue and suffering of that journey she never forgot, and in her old age she would*go over the trail in her fancy, "sleeping on the naked ground, with nothing but my wet blanket to cover us."

Little Beard's Town was a place of considerable importance, to the Senecas at least, in 1759. It was on the west bank of the beautiful Genesee river. She found that many of the Seneca braves were off on the war path, helping the French against the

English. She saw those of her own race brought in as captives and tortured, but her pleadings for them often saved their lives.

She was the first and only white woman in the country. Not until 1797, thirty-eight years after, was any of the land around her sold to the whites. The first orchard west of the Genesee, planted by a white settler, was in 1799, when Mary Jemison had cultivated her Indian patch for forty-one years. At the time of the treaty of Stanwix, in 1784, she had been with the Indians twenty-nine years. Seventy-two years she lived in the valley of the Genesee, and then left it, rather than be separated from her adopted people.

But we anticipate. The summer after her arrival at Little Beard's Town, she heard of the death of Sin-nin-jee, in the Ohio country. Not long after, she became the wife of the big chief Hickatoo, a famous warrior of seventeen campaigns, whose prowess in taking Cherokee scalps was only equaled by his wrestling and fleetness of foot. By him she had many children, her half-Indian boys giving her no end of trouble with their quarreling. One of them, John, brutally killed two of his brothers, Thomas and Jesse, before he was finally killed himself in a drunken dispute. But the things that were horrible to her, alien to her nature, she had to submit to, as Deh-ge-wa-nus, the mother of Seneca braves.

Mary Jemison's house, during the Revolutionary war, was headquarters for Brant and the Butlers. "Many a night," she said, "have I pounded samp for them from sunset to sunrise, and furnished them with provisions for their journey, and clean clothing." But she became attached to the life she lived. She fled with the women and children of the Senecas before Sullivan's raid in 1779, showing the same unwillingness to be restored to her race that she had shown several years before, when the King of England offered a bounty for returned prisoners. On that occasion, she had hidden, fearing that she would be taken back by some one anxious to claim the reward.

After the close of the Revolutionary war, however, when her Indian brother Black Coals offered her her liberty, and her son Thomas wanted her to seek her relatives and let him be her guide in finding them, she was inclined to go. But when she

learned that Thomas would not be permitted to go with her, that she must leave her favorite son behind her, she resolved to stay with the Indians the rest of her days. "If I should find my relatives, those two brothers that escaped that morning, they might despise my Indian children."

She lived at Gardeau Flats until she followed the Senecas to the Buffalo Creek reservation in 1831. She was never sick, and, although she did not look strong, she did more work in a day the year round than most men; that is, white men. "I backed all the boards that were used about my house," she said, "from a mill nearly five miles off, my young children helping me." As late as 1823, when she was eighty-one years old, she husked her corn as ever and carried it into the barn.

When the Senecas sold their lands to Thomas Morris in 1828, the Indians asked that a reservation be made for the white woman, a free gift from them to their captive. Morris thought, from the description of the lands named at Gardeau Flats, that the reservation did not exceed three hundred acres at the most. She described the boundaries of what she wanted, and outwitted the crafty speculator completely. After much delay and vexation (Red Jacket opposing her bitterly), she was declared the rightful owner of more than seventeen thousand acres of land in the garden of the state of New York, the tract including Gardeau flats and the surrounding hills. But for the trickery of white men, who robbed her as they would an Indian, she would have been in her old age one of the wealthiest women in the country. Once she was sadly imposed upon by a man calling himself George Jemison and pretending to be her first cousin. She gave him land and many farms, until he proved himself to be what he was.

When the Genesee country was opened to settlers in 1789, Mary Jemison was by no means disposed to make herself one with them. She kept aloof, and said as little to her gaping visitors as an Indian would have done. They looked upon her as a curiosity, visited her house as they would a museum. She dressed like a squaw, and was an Indian in her religion. When led to talk about her capture, she would shed tears. She spoke English fairly well, and she never lost

her soft, white skin nor the pinkish glow of her cheeks. She clung to her moccasins always, and slept on the floor on skins, eating her food from her lap, Indian fashion.

As she grew feeble with age (she lived to be ninety-one), her memory of her childhood came back to her more distinctly. Not long before she left the valley, the agent of a large land owner in the locality tried to prevail upon her to remain at Gardeau Flats, for she was bent upon joining the Senecas at Buffalo Creek reservation. "Her children wanted to go," she said; "they would be happier." That was enough for her. The agent was a native of the north of Ireland, and, in his earnest plea, his Scotch-Irish dialect came out. She caught it at once, looked up into his face in a half-startled way, her memory trying to recall something. "Are ye fra that kentry, too?" she asked, smiling. "I know noo whar ye cam from, and I leck ye better nor better." But she did not consent to stay at Gardeau Flats, nor was she ever sought out and found by her kindred, if any she had. She died on the Buffalo Creek reservation in September, 1833, and was buried near the grave of Red Jacket. Her little feet were encased in moccasins, and her burial dress was like the

one the Indians gave the captive child one hundred years before.

The good missionary that visited her not long before her death found her in a poor hut, on a low bunk, a little straw on the boards, over which a blanket was spread. She had just awakened from sleep and began telling her dream. "It was that second night after we were taken," she said, "and we were so tired and hungry. My brothers and little sister Betsy were asleep on the ground. Mother put her arm around me and said, 'Be a good girl, Mary. God will take care of you.'" When she heard the missionary saying the Lord's prayer, she started up and smiled. "That is just what mother used to say; that is what I could not remember all these years."

In 1874 her remains were removed to the grounds of Hon. William P. Letchworth, of Glen Iris, Portageville, N. Y., and re-buried by her descendants near the old council-house of the Senecas, where Mr. Letchworth has his valuable collection of Indian relics. It is believed that it was within the walls of this old council-house that Mary Jemison rested after her long journey from the Ohio country.

PATTY'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY HANNAH R. HUDSON.

"WHICH,—hm—I mean who, gave you those roses?"

"Mr. Eustace. Aren't they beautiful?"

"Don't lay them on the table, they muss everything so. Go take off your hat and get your sewing, Patty; I want to have a serious talk with you."

"My hat's off now," replied Patty, giving the article in question so impatient a jerk in its removal that a mass of dark curls fell on her shoulders. "As for sewing, I haven't any. The kitten tore that flounce I was hemming yesterday, and I haven't enough stuff to cut another."

"The flounce you were pretending to hem, you mean. You'd do more sewing if Mr. Eustace's garden didn't join ours. How did the kitten get it?"

"I—I left it on the seat in the arbor when you called me in."

"Hm. What is to be done about finishing your dress?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Of course you don't know, nor care. Certainly those that named me Patience must have foreseen what was in store for me. How can you be so careless and childish, Patty! You're eighteen, not twelve."

"Why, Patience," replied Patty, opening a pair of dark eyes to their widest extent, "I really never thought about the kitten."

"You never think of anything; more's the pity! I have to bear all the burdens. Mamma's sickness is quite enough, without your worrying me, too."

"Anybody would say," said Patty with a toss of her head, "that it was you who worried me."

"It's high time I did. A girl had better be talked to than talked about."

"Can people help being talked about?"
The elder sister cast a glance of irritation at the pretty face bent over the roses.

"A girl that rides with one gentleman in the afternoon, and sings with another in the evening, then plays croquet with the first all the next morning, and goes to the theatre with the second at night and so on, turn and turn about, doesn't take much pains to help it, does she? What can people say, except that she's a foolish little flirt?"

Patty's face was crimson, but she had no time for a word.

"I've held my tongue long enough," continued Patience. "Now to come straight to the point. Drop whichever you please, James Eustace or Dr. Wentworth, but one of them you *must* drop! As for encouraging both—"

"For shame, Patience! Is it encouraging people to treat them politely?"

"I say as for encouraging both, it *must* not go on! Whatever you meant, that's what you've done. It's just like you. You only want a good time; you never think of consequences. Oh, Patty," she went on with a change of tone, "what a help and comfort you might be to me if you only were different! I sometimes get so tired and discouraged."

She stopped short, resolutely compressing her lips to hide their tell-tale quivering; but Patty saw two or three tears fall on the sewing in her lap. In an instant the roses were on the floor and her arms about her sister's neck.

"Don't cry, Pate! Don't! *Don't!*"

At this touch of sympathy, Patience gave way and sobbed outright. "I didn't mean to trouble you; indeed, I didn't."

But coaxing and comforting availed nothing. The violent fit of weeping that followed was nature's revenge for over-work and over-anxiety. Finding all her attempts at consolation unheeded, the younger sister became much distressed, and even alarmed.

"Patience, do listen. If you're worrying about my affairs, as you call them, you needn't any longer. Look here!"

A hand was laid on Patience's lap. Upon it gleamed a diamond ring. Patience looked her amazement.

"I—I meant to tell you when I first came in, but you didn't give me time."

"Patty Graham! When—?"

"This afternoon. Only a little while ago."

"You seem to have settled it for yourself. How do you know mamma will approve?"

"She—likes him."

"Likes James Eustace! Why—"

"What in the world has *he* to do with it?"

"Didn't the ring and roses come from the same one, then?"

"The roses? Mr. Eustace gave them to me over the fence."

"Hm! He won't care to be on this side of the fence so much in the future! So it's Dr. Wentworth. Patty, you're to be congratulated. Whether he is or not,"—Patience was getting sharp again—"is another question. But now tell me—"

The sound of the door-bell and a call from above stairs interrupted her. Patty peered through the blinds.

"It's my new bonnet, sent home in time for Sunday. It's real pretty, Pate. Wait a second and—"

But Patience was already at the foot of the stairs.

"I can't stop. The nurse wants me for something. I'm afraid mamma's going to have one of her bad attacks."

The prophecy was verified. Patience was sitting at a late and solitary breakfast, the next morning, trying vainly to drink a little coffee, when Patty came in dressed for church. The weary vigils of the night and the oppressive heat and sultriness of the weather had given the former an insupportable nervous headache. Her sister's bright face changed at sight of her.

"Why, Pate, how sick you look! I'll stay at home and you shall go to bed. I'm afraid you didn't sleep at all."

"No, but I'm going to now. There is no need of your staying. The nurse can do everything."

"Is mamma worse than usual?"

"I'm afraid so. We gave her opiates toward morning."

Patty made a pretty picture as she stood silently drawing on her gloves. The new bonnet, a jaunty trifle of black lace, matched the flimsy lace over-dress, through which gleamed the round, fair neck and arms. On one side of the bonnet, just above the clustering curls, were set two tiny, scarlet-throated humming birds with iridescent

plumage. These, the spray of flowers on her breast, and the gay little parasol that hung at her belt, were the only touches of color in her costume. The effect was charming, but Patience did not feel capable of enthusiasm.

"The bonnet is very pretty," she said languidly, in answer to Patty's demand for criticism. "I wish you'd ask Dr. Wentworth—"

"He's at the door now." Patty flushed rosily as she spoke, and was very busy with the last button of her glove. "Shall I ask him in?"

"No; I'm not fit to see anyone this morning. Just ask him to come here before four this afternoon, and be sure you don't forget; for if the pain comes back, I don't know what to do for mamma."

Patty was gone before she had finished. Patience so far yielded to feminine curiosity as to watch the young people through the blinds as they went up the street together. She was well satisfied with this termination of Patty's various love affairs. Not only was the doctor handsome, popular, and prosperous, but his genius for his profession and his thorough kindness had been proved many times over during his long attendance on the fretful invalid upstairs.

The hot glare of sunlight on the dusty road intensified a headache already almost unbearable. Patience went upstairs, darkened her room, bathed her temples, then threw herself on the bed and fell into a disturbed slumber, from which she did not wake till the little mantel clock struck half-past one.

Below-stairs she found an untasted lunch on the dining table. Patty had not appeared. Feeling too ill to eat anything herself, she went out on the shady side piazza and began an aimless saunter up and down.

Presently, happening to glance down the long garden in the rear of the house, she caught sight of a figure, half hidden by a luxuriant syringa, on its knees in the grass that bordered a flower bed, evidently searching for something.

"Crazy child, to stay out in this heat!" she said to herself, and forgetful of her own headache, Patience hastened down the garden.

Patty rose to her feet at her sister's approach, a dishevelled figure indeed, com-

pared with the trim and charming one of three hours ago. Her black lace dress was white with dust, her curls were disordered, and her face was tear-stained. The new bonnet and a pair of primrose kid gloves lay on the grass beside some half-withered flowers.

"Patty Graham!" was Patience's beginning. "Pick up that bonnet, do! It'll be ruined."

"I don't care if it is ruined," replied Patty, bursting into tears as she spoke. "I never want to see it again."

"Hm. What now?"

"All the same though," continued the younger sister, lifting and beginning to dust it assiduously, "I mean to wear it; yes—everywhere I go, all through the season."

"What is the trouble anyway? Didn't the doctor like it?"

"No matter. I don't care for him, nor his opinion either."

"Upon my word! The day after you're en—"

"I'm *not* engaged," she said, emphasizing the speech with a stamp on the gravel.

Then, before a word could be said, she dropped the bonnet on the ground again, sat down on the border herself and began to cry as if her heart would break. It was Patience's turn to comfort, but she was not successful. It was a long time before Patty could be induced to relate the cause of her trouble in a voice choked by sobs.

"Thought you were cruel—wicked—did he say that, Patty?"

"He s-said s-something like it. He n-never n-noticed the b-bonnet till I asked if it w-wasn't pretty."

"He'll have to get up a crusade against fashion."

"I'm sure I never thought any more of w-wearing a b-bird than a flower. I wouldn't have had 'em killed. But there they all are in the store, and somebody'd buy 'em if I d-didn't. I didn't think any harm."

"Did you tell the doctor that?"

"Indeed I didn't. I never tried to excuse myself one bit. I said everybody wore birds and why shouldn't I?"

"Well?"

"He got angry. He couldn't have made the case out worse if I'd committed murder."

He said humming birds were often skinned alive. Did you know that?"

"No, indeed," said Patience with a shudder.

"Well, I said I'd never heard of it. All I thought of was their being pretty. And he said he was afraid that was the way with most girls, but he thought that they made a great mistake if they believed dead birds adorned their hats and bonnets. And I said they had a right to suit themselves. So we went on from one thing to another, till it was a regular quarrel before we got to church. And instead of coming into our pew, he stalked over to his own. So after church, I never looked his way, and I walked home with Dick Elroy."

"Hm. And now you're crying about it."

"No, no, it's not that. Oh, Patience what do you think I've done! I've lost his ring!"

Patience was astonished at this tragic conclusion.

"Where?"

"Right here. You see when I was coming from church, one of those German children up at the corner, ran after me and said his sister was to be buried this afternoon, and he asked me if he might have some white flowers. So I said I'd send what we had, and came right down here to pick them before I went into the house at all. And while I was picking, all of a sudden the ring was gone."

"It's in your glove."

"No; for I was looking at it after I'd pulled them off. I'd quite made up my mind to send it back, you see; but I did wish I could keep it, engagement or no engagement. Then I got busy, and the first I knew—"

"It dropped off into the bed or the grass. Was it loose?"

"Rather. But, you see, I've been hunting more than an hour. Isn't it strange I don't find it?"

Energetic Patience was already on her knees, thrusting aside thick growths of phlox, marigolds, and nasturtiums.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing, Patience? Think of a person losing a ring before she has time to break an engagement! Why, I shall have to buy another, sha'n't I?"

"Don't be foolish, Patty. The ring's here, of course."

"But I've hunted the bed over so many times!"

"Don't begin to cry again!"

"I might have known you wouldn't be on my side."

"I don't know which side I am on. You're both in the wrong. You shouldn't have worn the birds and he shouldn't have been unjust."

"He needn't have said I was cruel, need he? No one ever talked so to me before. There's the nurse calling, Patience. Do you suppose there's anything the matter?"

"No, I hope not. Did you tell the doctor about coming?"

There was a pause of dismay.

"Oh, I forgot it. I'm so sorry!"

The elder sister opened her lips to make a sharp rejoinder. Then, seeing the distress in Patty's face, she closed them again.

"I'll send Ann over."

"But, Patience, if I can't find the ring—"

"I'll be back presently. You can be looking while I'm gone."

Poor Patty sank on her knees again in the dusty grass. Despairing tears fell thick on the mignonette and larkspur. Never in her life had she been so wretched. Physical discomfort was added to her grievances. The rays of the sun beat on her uncovered head. She was worn out with excitement and crying, and had quite forgotten her lunch.

But the ring must be found. She had already rehearsed the sentences that, spoken or written, should declare "everything at an end" between her and the doctor. "Barbarous," indeed! "Vain" and "cruel!" The tears were falling so fast now that she would not have seen a dozen diamond rings had they been lying before her.

It was just then that a voice (one that she would have preferred not to hear then and there) inquired:

"May I come over and help, Miss Patty?"

The speaker was standing in the next garden. Evidently precedent had taught him to expect consent, for he leaped the fence lightly as he spoke.

"Quests always attract me. I've a decided liking for the rôle of knight-errant," he began merrily. Then growing serious, as he caught sight of Patty's face, he added: "I beg pardon. I did not mean to intrude."

Patty tried to crawl out from under a rose

bush, but the thorns had caught her dress and hair and held them fast. She was fain to accept the assistance the new comer hastened to offer, and when she was finally released, with a ruinous tear in her dress and her curls tangled, she looked far worse than she did before.

"This is the most unfortunate day of my life," she declared, tears of vexation filling her eyes as she wrapped her handkerchief round a long scratch on her wrist.

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of Mr. Eustace's sympathy and urgent offers of help.

"It is of no use," Patty responded rather ungraciously, sinking down, however, from sheer weariness, on a rustic seat under the shade of an oak. "I mean, it's of no consequence, though it's very good of you to offer," she concluded, as an after-thought.

"That's the correct thing to say," he laughed; "but pray don't stand on ceremony with me. If you'll tell me what you were looking for—"

"Oh," she said reluctantly, "it's nothing but a ring. I dropped it while I was picking some flowers."

"Here in this flower strip? I can easily—"

"No, no," Patty interposed hastily, as he turned to begin a search. Much as she desired the recovery of the ring, to have that tell-tale article found by Mr. Eustace promised to be embarrassing.

"I really don't want you to look for it," she persisted, flushing scarlet at his look of surprise.

Then a little war of words followed. The more Mr. Eustace protested, the more Patty insisted. She was far from being pleased, however, when he yielded the point and sat down at her side. If he could have known how often she wished him away during the half hour that followed, he would hardly have enjoyed it as much as he did. It must be confessed that she was an uninteresting companion. She sat abstractedly pulling pieces of ribbon grass through her fingers and answering in monosyllables. But this abstraction gave way to sudden eagerness, when a pressed four-leaf clover fell from a little book that he had taken from his pocket.

"Do you believe in luck?" she asked; "forecasts and fate, you know, and all that, what people used to call witchcraft?"

The young man laughed, as he answered with a sidewise glance at his pretty companion:

"I believe in some kinds of witchcraft, yes."

The point of this speech was lost. Patty was too much absorbed in her own ideas to heed anything else."

"If I could have just one wish granted, I'd ask to be made clairvoyant. Wouldn't it be nice to be able to read people's thoughts and know the future—and find everything lost? Do you think it would be a foolish wish?"

"On the contrary. But if I could have one wish granted, it would not be that."

"What would it be?" she inquired, suspiciously.

"Are you not clairvoyant enough already to know?" was the audacious response.

This time the point was not lost. Vexed to find herself blushing, Patty answered coldly:

"You have too high an opinion of my powers."

"Oh, for some pretext to end the conversation here!" she said to herself. "If Patience would only come back!"

Glancing toward the house, Patty saw, instead, the top of a buggy above the hedge next the street. Dr. Wentworth had come, then. Yes, she had a glimpse of him passing one of the open windows of the sick-room. To return to the house now was out of the question. She only hoped the doctor had looked down the garden. He would know, then, how little she cared for his displeasure. She became favorably disposed toward the companion so distasteful a moment ago. If he would let the subject of love alone—

But he would not. He was saying: "May I tell you what the wish would be, Miss Patty?"

She could not but consider, here, how odd it would be to be on with the new love before being off with the old, and how fine a revenge to let the news of a second engagement announce the breaking of the first. It would be romantic. If it were some one else's love story, it might be a possible sequel; but in her own love story she realized now, if she never had before, that there could be only one hero. She picked up the pressed clover that had fallen at her feet and forced a laugh.

"I'm more interested in my own wishes. Give me this to change my luck, and I'll go to look for my ring again."

"And if the clover brought you another ring, not the one you lost, would that be good luck?"

Before she could answer or draw away the hand he held, the sound of a voice close by caused both occupants of the rustic seat to spring to their feet. A tow-haired, stolid-faced boy named James Schlosser stood there staring at them.

"Flowers for the sister? Oh, yes!" Patty exclaimed, while Mr. Eustace demanded of the boy what he meant by stealing upon people like that! "I forgot them, but I'll pick them now."

The boy gazed vacantly at the irate questioner. Patty seized upon the nearest blossoms, saying: "Don't scold him; they're for his sister's funeral."

"Well, let him pick them, or let me."

"Oh, no, thank you."

She felt very thankful to James Schlosser, who had arrived so opportunely.

Mr. Eustace stood at a little distance, with rather a moody expression, switching a shrub oak. He was clearly biding his time. Patty grew more nervous as the bunch of flowers in her hand grew larger. She "dawdled" over her picking, as Patience would have said, and stopped to ask the German boy numerous questions. While she was lengthening the latter's stay by these innocent devices, fate again intervened in her behalf, in the shape of a servant leaning over the fence that divided the two gardens.

"Your sister is here, sir; she drove over with the children, and the little girl has been taken very ill. I didn't know where you were."

Mr. Eustace started out of his careless attitude.

"Say I'll come at once."

He came over to the garden bed and bestowed upon Patty's open-mouthed follower a look that made her turn her face away to hide a smile.

"I am so sorry for the poor little girl," she said.

"But you are not sorry for me," he replied, disregarding the listener. "What is my answer to be? Must I go away without it?"

Patty had suddenly risen to her feet. Her

eyes were fixed in dismay and perplexity on a figure that was striding down the garden path in most undignified haste. She had seen Dr. Wentworth come out of the house a moment before. He had paused on the piazza to pull on his gloves, glanced at the group in the garden, started, looked again, then leaped down the steps and hastened toward them.

Nothing could have broken up Mr. Eustace's tender adieux more effectually than this unexpected approach. He was gone before his rival was half way down the garden. Patty, with cheeks uncomfortably flushed, was crowding many-hued flowers into James Schlosser's dirty hands, when the doctor reached the spot. Without a word to her, he seized her protégé by the shoulder and marched him toward the gate, administering a shake or two by the way that caused the tow-haired youth to drop his flowers and burst into tears.

Patty was so absolutely amazed by this sudden action that she could only stand and stare. Nor did she make out what was being said. She heard the doctor's determined and menacing tones, and the mixed gutturals and whines in reply. It was not till the gate was shut sharply on the ejected German, who shuffled away, whimpering as he went, that bewilderment was succeeded by indignation.

"I should like to know what right you have to turn a boy out of *our* yard!"

The doctor paused before the angry speaker. Evidently his impulse was to answer in the same tone. Instead, he said:

"Do you think I did it without good reason?"

Patty did not wait to reply. Rushing past the doctor, she seized the fallen flowers and hurried toward the gate.

"James! James! Here!"

"I beg—I insist," said the doctor peremptorily, and staying her by a hand on her arm, "that you do not go after that boy!"

"He shall have the flowers! James!"

"I will give them to him, then. Let me take them."

"Pray let go my arm. His sister—"

"His sister died yesterday of small-pox, and two other children in the family are very ill with the same disease."

The flowers fell to the ground and Patty's

eyes opened wide with horror. Small-pox ! The thing of all other things that she most dreaded. And that boy, with contagion in his clothes and breath, had been near her and talked to her !

Suddenly dizzy and sick, she moved away from the neighborhood of the flowers. She was vaguely aware that the doctor was saying something about the culpable negligence of health officers and the boy's being half-witted. Then she seemed to lose sight of everything and caught at a trillis for support. It was only a momentary faintness, and when she presently discovered this, instead of the trellis, the doctor's arm was supporting her. In spite of physical weakness, she rose hastily to her feet.

" Do not be alarmed. Even if you should take the disease, and there are many chances against it, you would only have it in the lightest form. You must thank your sister for insisting on your being vaccinated.

Patty was somewhat reassured. She was walking up the path by this time, still rather white about the lips and with an uncertain gait.

" It was foolish of me. I'm quite well now."

" You do not look so. You had better sit down in the shade and let me get you some water."

" Thank you ; I do not need anything."

And she kept steadily on toward the house, only pausing to pick up the primrose kids, and the neglected bonnet. Since she could not avenge the insult of the morning (for how could she repeat the dignified formula that was to accompany the return of the ring, without having any ring to return !) the only course left was retreat. She would have retreated in better order if she had not stepped on the torn lace of her over-dress and widened a hopeless rent. She paused, perforce, to gather it up.

" Patty !"

A great deal was said in that one word. Not only reproach and remonstrance, but love and entreaty were in it. It deserved a better answer than the frigid, " Well, sir !" it received.

" I acknowledge that I ought not to have said all I did this morning. I am sorry. Won't you meet me half way ?"

His hearer did not look up.

" Why should I ? You did the quarreling.

It's only fair for you to do the apologizing."

" I always supposed it took two to quarrel."

" It only takes one to find a pretext."

" The pretext, as you call it, was of your own making."

" Was it ? I should like to know why I am worse than the other women that wore birds at church this morning. There were plenty. There was Eliza Tebbits, right in the pew before you, with a golden robin's wings on her hat."

" Did I say you were worse ? It is because I think you so much better that I cannot bear to see you with birds on your bonnet."

" If you think so much of me, I wonder you are so ready to find fault."

Patty still kept her face averted, but there was a sound suspiciously like a sob in her voice.

" Am I so ready ? Can you say honestly that the wearing of birds is not wrong ?"

" Why do you appeal to a vain, frivolous, cruel person like me ?"

" You are proving yourself really cruel. I asked you to forgive me."

" One's character must be maintained."

" Patty, why will you be so unreasonable ? I wonder if you remember how you cried over a little sparrow your kitten killed not a month ago, and how you begged me to tie the bird round the cat's neck, ' to cure it of cruelty.' I refused because the cat knew no better. But what shall we say of the woman that ornaments her dress with the plumes of a tanager, whose young were left to starve to death in the nest ? Or the woman that adorns her bonnet with poor little humming birds, which were made to suffer horrible tortures that their plumage might be a little more brilliant ? How shall we cure her of cruelty ?"

Patty had put both hands before her face, with the motion of a shamed and chidden child. The unfortunate bonnet fell to the ground again, but she never heeded it ; nor did the doctor, who was fairly launched on a topic concerning which he could never say enough. To-day, however, his eloquence was stayed at flood tide and the whole subject driven completely out of his mind by his companion's bursting into tears. It was the mute concession of the point ; but the doctor had forgotten that any concession was wanted. With remorseful haste, he



A FAVORITE NOOK.

After the painting of J. V. Casteels.

shouldered the blame of the whole affair, accused himself of injustice, unkindness, and a host of other faults, and begged abjectly to be forgiven.

Forgiveness must have been granted ; for, late in the afternoon, Mr. Eustace, peering through the embowering vines of his piazza, saw that his place on the rustic seat was occupied by "another," who was talking earnestly, while Patty listened with downcast eyes and glowing cheeks. The bone of contention, the bonnet, was still lying under the phlox and tiger lilies, the doctor's buggy was still at the gate, and the two young people had forgotten everything except the one matter of supreme importance to both.

"And you could not even wear my ring one day. Did I deserve to have it put aside so soon?"

Patty flushed guiltily and stammered :

"I—I—to quarrel like this the first day of an engagement—"

"That proves ours is true love. It never does run smooth."

"Its course has been so rough to-day," she said, with a rueful little laugh, "that it has left my costume a perfect wreck. Even my parasol stick is broken. I'm sure I don't know why I've been dragging it about at my belt all the afternoon. I forgot all about it."

Another of the innumerable things Patty forgot in a day. The doctor took up the article, as Patty unclasped its chain, and smiled at its dilapidated state. The rose-colored fringes and ribbons were stained, and the carved handle just hung together by the connecting spring.

"What a little toy! I declare, it's not as large around as the rim of my hat!"

"Ridiculous! It's twice that size!"

"Nothing of the kind! Now, we'll see, if the thing's not too much broken to come open. There!" he said, spreading it triumphantly above his head.

Something fell out of the folds as he did so, something small and glittering, that flashed back rays of light in its descent, hit upon the toe of the doctor's boot and rolled under a bunch of clover. With a cry of amazement and delight, Patty sprang to pick it up.

"Oh, the ring! the ring!"

The doctor had been quicker than she. He stood holding the tiny circlet in his hand, and looking in a mystified fashion at Patty's radiant face.

"Just think," she said, between laughing and crying, and with a face as rosy as the ribbons of the parasol; "it's been in there all the time, and I've been carrying it around while I was hunting for it. I suppose I left the parasol hanging loose, and the ring fell into it the first thing. I never knew anything so queer! And I hunted the flower bed through and through, and Patience looked, too, and Mr. Eustace—"

"Mr. Eustace?" said the doctor, knitting his brows a little.

"No, no, I didn't want him to look. I—I was afraid he'd find it."

"Afraid? Surely, you are not coquette enough—"

"I didn't want anybody to know about it but Patience. I was going to give it back to you, you know, as soon as I found it."

"And, instead," laughed the doctor, "I gave it back to you as soon as I found it!"

THE EXILED FRENCH PRINCES.

BY ROBERT DROCH.

AT Versailles, on June 22, 1872, the law of proscription of 1832 against the elder Bourbons, and that of 1848 against the Orleans family were abolished. Fourteen years later to a day the French Senate concurred with the Chamber of Deputies in passing a law declaring that "the territory of the Republic is and shall remain interdicted to the heads of the families that have reigned in France, and to their direct heirs in the order of primogeniture."

The occasion for the renewal of this severe measure, after fourteen years of toleration and growing strength of the Republic, was the recent alliance between the royal family of Portugal and the family of the Comte de Paris. A political significance was attached to it, which was intensified because of an unusually brilliant reception given by the Comte de Paris just before his departure to attend the wedding at Lisbon. It was on the evening of May 15th, and the Royalists

had assembled in force to honor their chief. The Count, while inviting the ambassadors in Paris to his reception, had judiciously intimated that they should not accept. As he said to one of them with fine French courtesy: "I am convinced that the Comte de Paris himself, while inviting you, is the first to understand that your presence might excite comments which he himself will be glad to avoid." All the heads of legations, accordingly, were absent from the reception, except those of Spain, Belgium, and Denmark.

But the social eminence of the Count and his popularity had gathered around him on this occasion a most distinguished company, in which, however, ladies were the great majority. Next day Figaro appeared with an unusually warm Royalist article. Rumor then began to magnify the significance of the reception. It was said that the leading officers of the army did homage to the Count, and one general was reported to have remarked: "*Monseigneur, ce ne sont plus des soldats que vous avez, c'est une armée.*"

The French cabinet, however, showed no uneasiness. Indeed, an extraordinary ambassador was sent by the government to congratulate the King of Portugal. The princes departed for Lisbon without the sign of a demonstration. But the political opportunity to worry the prime minister, M. de Freycinet, who, it is said, is a weak time-server with his eyes on the presidency, was not to be neglected.

A Radical newspaper announced that the government proposed to expel the princes. At this juncture, M. Clémenceau, the acute Radical leader, returned from a journey, and with his usual vigor seized upon the political opportunity and urged the necessity of expulsion. The chambers were about to reassemble. M. de Freycinet feared to face their questions, and dreaded the possible overthrow of his cabinet through inactivity. He, therefore, proposed that the president should issue a decree expelling the princes. But M. Grévy, with his accustomed caution, demanded the authority of a special law.

M. de Freycinet was, therefore, compelled to shoulder the difficulty himself. He approached it gingerly, proposing on May 27th, that the government should be authorized to banish the members of families that had once reigned in France. This made

expulsion optional, and did not suit the Radicals, who were determined to drive the very moderate M. de Freycinet to extreme measures. By committee and parliamentary maneuvers the prime minister was finally forced to accept a measure that made the expulsion of the Comte de Paris and Prince Napoleon and their eldest sons obligatory, and put upon the government the responsibility of banishing the other members of the royal families when the occasion demanded it. The law was passed by both chambers, and on June 23d the decree of banishment was issued.

On its face, therefore, the expulsion seems to have been the outgrowth of a very trivial incident, which served in the hands of shrewd men for political capital. But strangely enough, it had an *ex post facto* justification. On the day of his departure from France, the Comte de Paris issued a manifesto that put him clearly in the attitude of an enemy of the Republic, and a candidate for the throne of France. He boldly asserted that the Portuguese marriage had "formed a fresh tie between France and a friendly nation," thus acknowledging the political significance of the alliance. "In me is represented," he said, "the monarchical principle." And then he predicted that France would recognize that the "traditional monarchy by its modern principle and by its institutions can alone furnish the remedy. This national monarchy, of which I am the representative, can alone reduce the importance of the men of disorder, who threaten the repose of the country, can alone secure political and religious liberty, restore public fortune, give our democratic society a strong government open to all superior parties, and with a stability that will be, in the eyes of Europe, a pledge of lasting peace. It is my duty to labor without respite in this work of salvation, and, with the aid of God and the co-operation of all those that share my faith in the future, I will accomplish it."

Remembering, also, that in January, 1883, Prince Jerome Napoleon issued a manifesto declaring the Republic a failure and submitting himself as the "heir of Napoleon I. and of Napoleon III." it would seem that what M. Clémenceau intended for sharp practice may have been a measure of self-preservation to the French Republic.

Turning from the political aspect of the expulsion, which Americans are disposed to approve because of their warm sympathy with the French Republic, there is so much that is personally admirable about the banished Bourbon princes, that one cannot but regret the hardship that compels them to leave their native land.

The Comte de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, is a man possessing the physical and mental attributes that gain respect and admiration from any nation. The death of the Comte de Chambord in 1883 left him the acknowledged head of both branches of the Bourbons, the Spanish branch of the family having renounced all claim to the throne of France. His attitude toward the Republic has been one of "dignified reserve." He has lived the life of a studious private gentleman and gathered around him a circle of friends that would have esteemed him, independently of his royal descent.

He is forty-eight years of age and in every way at his prime. His life has been full of stirring events. When four years of age, his father was thrown from a carriage and killed, a sad accident which is not within the Count's memory. But it is said that he recalls as a bad dream the events of the revolution of 1848, that his grandfather, Louis Philippe abdicated, and his mother, a most remarkable woman, took him and the Duc de Chartres to the Chamber of Deputies for refuge. Thence they were driven by the mob and escaped with difficulty to Belgium. His education was received in England and Germany, supplemented by travels in Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece.

When only twenty-three years of age, he came to this country with his brother, the Duc de Chartres, to learn the art of war by actual participation in it. President Lincoln gave them permission to join the staff of Major-general McClellan, commanding the army of the Potomac. General McClellan has recorded his high appreciation of their conduct while with him. "Their conduct," he said in a magazine article, "was characterized by an innate love for a soldier's life, by an intense desire to perfect themselves in the profession of arms by actual experience of war on a large scale, and by unswerving devotion to duty."

On the field of battle, the Count was said

to display perfect self-possession and unassuming courage. He was present at the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, and Gaines' Mill. The Maximilian episode, which threatened a rupture between France and the United States, compelled the Count and his brother to return to Europe. Soon after, in 1863, he married his cousin, the Princess Isabella, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. They lived at York House, Twickenham, England, until the law of banishment was repealed in 1872. There the Count spent some of the happiest years of his life, and it is most natural that he should a second time seek England as the home of his exile.

The quiet years of his first banishment were improved to the utmost. Soon after our war was ended, he began the collection of material for writing a history of it. His researches were most minute and tireless. It was not until 1874 that the first volume appeared, and the last of the eight projected has not yet been published. It has been praised by high military authority as one of the very best histories of the rebellion.

Social questions have also been closely studied by the Count. After a careful investigation of the labor question at Manchester and Rochdale, England, he wrote a treatise on trades unions, which was translated into English, German, and Spanish. He has from time to time contributed notable articles to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. During the Franco-Prussian war, he was refused permission to fight in the French army, though his brother volunteered under the name of Robert le Fort, and greatly distinguished himself.

The favorite country home of the Comte de Paris, from which he recently took his memorable departure for England, is the Château d'Eu. It was originally built in 1578 by Henry I., and was restored by Louis Philippe. It is a large brick building with stone pilasters, and is comfortably and elegantly furnished. The Count has lately enlarged the splendid park surrounding the house, and it is one of the finest in France. Large numbers of workmen are employed there, with whom the Count is a great favorite. His wife is tall and queenly, possessing the strongly marked features of the Bourbons. She is an excellent horsewoman, and a good shot, but, withal, is very domestic,

superintending the studies of her children and her household affairs.

The law of expulsion sends into banishment with his father his eldest son and heir to the Bourbon pretensions, Louis Philippe Robert, Duc d'Orleans, who was born at Twickenham February 7, 1869. This boy of seventeen is said to be tall and strongly built, with blonde hair and dark, blue, penetrating eyes. He was very mischievous when younger, and is now full of honest boyish fun. At the College Stanislas, in France, he carried off a prize, and is said to possess an element of genius. Father and son have recalled Prince Metternich's saying in regard to the Orleans family: "They are men such as one seldom finds; they are princes such as one never finds."

The other two princes included in the expulsion bill, Jerome Bonaparte and his eldest son Victor, are, in many ways, strikingly contrasted with the Orleans princes, and the comparison is wholly in favor of the latter; and yet Prince Jerome, named in stinging jest "Plon-Plon," is a remarkable man, with the strong individuality of his family, and many natural gifts, which he has abused. He is sixty-four years of age now, and his strongly-lined face bears a vivid resemblance to his uncle, Napoleon I. With his father, the fourth brother of Napoleon, he first set foot in Paris in 1846. There they lived quietly for several years. Prince Jerome was elected a deputy in 1848. The *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. gave him much more prominence, but the Imperialists regarded him with distrust because of his craftiness. His career in the Crimean war brought him ridicule and a nick-name. A term as deputy for Corsica about completes the record of his public career, although he has held other positions of more or less importance.

The salon of his house in Paris has been described as strikingly odd. It is hung in red and contains eight busts of the first emperor, and a large armoire filled with articles once belonging to the latter. In the library are the works of Napoleon I., abundantly annotated by Prince Jerome.

The prince is a larger man than the great emperor. His expression is said to be placid and often agreeable, but his face also reveals the dissipation and brutal temper that characterize his career. His head is superb in

outline, but his morality would sadly disappoint a phrenologist. The pious Princess Clotilde, his wife, has been made unhappy by his unfortunate habits. The many insults that he has heaped upon her by his manner of life have helped to make him unpopular. Yet even those that despise him admit his wonderful intelligence. He is vehement and picturesque in conversation, and, as an orator, is most eloquent. Many call him the most able of the pretenders, yet he is the least to be feared in the political complications of France. A few weeks ago he issued a protest against expulsion; yet it hardly created a ripple in French politics as compared with the excitement raised by his manifesto in 1883. The truth is, his health is failing, he is growing old rapidly, and his party is sadly broken up. In wealth, he cannot compete with the Orleans family, who can plentifully subsidize journals, large and small. But the saddest blow that the old man has received is the defection of his son and heir, Victor.

Prince Victor is twenty-four years old, and his face mingles the features of the Napoleons and the Hapsburgs. His father has characterized him as "not a bad boy, but weak and ambitious." Prince Jerome had boldly declared that he did not believe in the principle of hereditary government for France, but was willing to submit his claims to a vote of the whole French people. These democratic ideas did not suit a strong section of the Bonapartist party. They wanted a pretender that would claim the throne of France as his right; so they bought the young Prince Victor away from his father, set him up in an independent establishment, and declared him the head of the Imperialist party. The young man, it is hinted, is following the way of libertinism that his father trod before him.

Altogether, it would seem that the hope of the Napoleons perished when the young Prince Imperial was killed by African savages. Indeed, in the elections last October, there was a strong body of Bonapartists that did not hesitate to vote for Orleanist candidates.

Noble or ignoble, moral or immoral, Orleans or Bonaparte, they have gone into that exile from which so often men have returned to be the rulers of France.



JANE JUPITER'S APRON.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

WHEN Tom Dowden went to the barn one night after school to see his brother Syd's guinea pigs (which Syd was training to perform in a show), he found a tin-peddler's wagon standing in the middle of the floor.

"Enos Hankey wanted to leave his team here a while," said Abram, the hired man. "He seemed in a great hurry, and he acted kind of strange. I don't know but he's goin' to have one of his spells."

Tom inspected the wagon. Some people said Enos Hankey was a miser, and kept money stowed away in odd places. Tom wondered if there was any of it in the great bags that hung beside the wagon.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to see everything in those bags?" exclaimed Tootsy, like an echo of Tom's thoughts.

Tootsy was Tom's youngest sister. She had come out to look at the wagon, with Jane Jupiter under her arm.

Jane Jupiter was a colored doll, with most fascinating raveled yarn hair. In spite of her color, she was the most popular doll in Cherryfield society.

"Enos Hankey has beautiful pieces sometimes," added Tootsy.

"Your father said you children was to keep away from that there wagon!" called Abram from the other side of the barn.

"Tootsy, how late can you keep awake?" asked Tom, in a tone too low to reach even Syd's sharp ears.

"Till a hundred o'clock, if I prop my eyes open," said Tootsy confidently.

"I'll tap at your door to-night after everybody has gone to bed, and you can come with me," said Tom, with an air of delightful mystery.

Tootsy was awake when Tom's light tap came. What it had cost her to remain so, sitting up in bed with two small fingers holding up two leaden eyelids, no one but Tootsy would ever know. It was a generally recognized fact that when Tootsy's small mind was made up, she was not likely to be overcome by circumstances.

She trotted softly down stairs behind Tom, by the light of the great bull's eye lantern, which was itself a fascination.

"We'd better take Cynthia's rag bag with us," said Tom, "and then if you wanted to take out any pieces that you thought were pretty you could replace them. All Enos Hankey cares for is the weight."

How still it was in the great barn! The heavy breathing of the cattle was the only sound. It was "pokerish" at the best, and now Tom had a guilty feeling that made him start when the barn swallows away up under the eaves mistook the lantern's rays for dawn, and began to twitter and fairly jump when a mouse scampered across the floor.

Tootsy was calm and self-possessed, and dived immediately into the largest bag. She found valuables at once: a doll's hat, which would just fit Lady Imogen, her youngest, and a string of yellow glass beads, which were almost a match for Jane Jupiter's ear-rings.

Tom was finding the adventure rather tame. There was no hidden treasure in the bags.

"Oh, Tom, see what I've found!" cried Tootsy in a tone of rapture.

Tom looked rather indifferently at a square of white satin somewhat yellowed by age, on one corner of which was embroidered a butterfly in fresh and brilliant colors.

"Just the thing for an apron for Jane Jupiter! She has been suffering for one, not a common one, but something really elegant like this, ever since the ice-cream was spilled on her blue silk dress at Dilly's party. I wonder how anything so beautiful happened to be thrown into the rags."

Tootsy's raptures were interrupted by a noise at the barn door. It sounded as if somebody were trying to get in. Tom and Tootsy exchanged terrified glances. It was a dreadful thing to be alone in the great barn in the middle of the night, but Tom felt that it would never do for a boy as large as he was to be afraid.

"Keep quiet, Tootsy. I'll take care of you," he said valiantly.

He was afraid that she would make an outcry or run into the house, and he felt that he would rather face anything than be found out. But he did retire to the old cow's stall, pushing Tootsy in behind him, greatly to the surprise of Crumple, who was not accustomed to have her dreams disturbed. The noise had changed to a low, cautious knocking.

"Abram, Abram, let me in," called a voice. "I'm Enos Hankey."

Tom drew a long breath of relief. He had thought of nothing less terrible than tramps or burglars, while Tootsy's imagination, excited by her midnight adventure, had conjured up a Huggermugger giant, and a witch with a wand, prepared to turn people into white cats. Tom hastily unbolted the door.

A little crooked, round-shouldered man, who always reminded Tootsy of the picture of a brownie, entered. He had a timid, hesitating gait and an anxious face.

"Sh! sh! Don't make a noise!" said Tom.

"Bless me! you two youngsters all alone here!" said the little man in great astonishment.

"We came to look at your rags," said Tom candidly. "And Tootsy has taken out some pretty pieces, but we've put in mor'n enough to pay."

"Rags was somethin' to me once, but they aint now!" said Enos Hankey, shaking his head mournfully.

"Oh, Tom, I'm in terrible trouble. I'm likely to be took up any minute for a thief."

"A thief!" exclaimed Tom.

Enos Hankey had been their tin-peddler ever since Tom could remember. He had once "paid attention" to Cynthia, their hired girl, and Tom and Dilly, his sister, younger than they are now, had wept because Cynthia wouldn't marry him. Tom would almost as soon have thought of suspecting the minister of anything that wasn't respectable.

"You wouldn't believe it, would you, Tom?" said Enos, his face brightening a little. "Well, you see, night before last I was stoppin' at the Cattle Fair hotel over to Bolton, and I woke up about four o'clock in the mornin', and I felt one o' them queer spells in my head comin' on. I have to get out doors when I feel that way; so I thought I'd start right off. I left the money for my lodgin' on the table, and went to the stable to harness up. I couldn't find any lantern, but an old broken one that gave a terrible small light. There's races over there this week, and the hotel chock full, and everything in confusion. Says I to myself, as soon as I got started, what has got into my old Billy? The way that wagon rattled over the ground was a caution. When the horse ran up hill as well as down, I knew 'twa'n't my Billy. I'd been and took one of them race horses, and left Billy behind!"

"I'd ought to have gone right back, of course; but what with bein' scared and dizzy in my head, too, I couldn't. I turned into the loggin' road, and kept in the woods all day. This mornin' I got up courage to go back; but when I got to Morrill's Corner, there was placards on the trees and fences as long as your arm, sayin': 'One hundred dollars reward for the return of the famous race horse Saladin, S-a-l-a-d-i-n, and the arrest of the thief, supposed to be one Enos Hankey, tin-peddler.' One Enos Hankey! as if everybody didn't know there wa'n't two of me! I turned round in hurry, and I thought I'd run away. That's why I left my team here; but, I declare, I hated to leave my old Billy; he and I has been companions so long! I was hanging round here because I didn't dare to go home, when I saw the light, and I made up my mind to tell Abram about it. But a hundred dollars is a great temptation to a man! I don't know as I can trust him."

"You can trust me," cried Tom eagerly. "I'll take the horse to Bolton the first thing

in the morning—to-morrow's Saturday and no school—and bring Billy back!"

"Will you, now, and not tell 'em where I am, and make it all right? I'd do anything for you if you would, Tom."

Tom cut his protestations short. He thought he was the one to be grateful for an opportunity to ride a famous race horse. He escorted Tootsy into the house (poor Tootsy, who, although she had propped herself rigidly upright against the milking stool, had fallen over in a little heap sound asleep), and then returned to the barn and slept upon the hay, that he might be ready to set out early.

Saladin was a beautiful horse, and he went like a bird. Tom reached the Cattle Fair hotel before breakfast time. He was very kindly treated, found no difficulty in making people believe Enos Hankey's story, and before noon he was back, riding Billy in triumph.

Enos Hankey was anxiously waiting, sitting all humped up on a cask in the barn doorway. His shoulders seemed to straighten and his face to grow as round as a full moon at sight of Billy.

"If ever I get a chance, I'll do anything for you," he called out, as he drove off, with Billy in high spirits at hearing the familiar rattle of the tin-wagon at his heels.

Tootsy was waiting for Tom, looking very dejected.

"Oh, Tom, it's the beautifulest apron! but I can't show it even to Phosy and Dilly. And Jane Jupiter is invited to a tea party, and I don't dare let her wear it!"

"Of course, you mustn't show it. I don't know what would happen to you for getting up in the middle of the night. What difference does it make what the old doll wears? I wouldn't be such a baby!"

Tootsy smothered a great sob. It was evident that sympathy was not to be expected from Tom. The truth is, that Tom was somewhat anxious lest he should be found out through Tootsy's indiscretion. He had always manifested, not only an investigating turn of mind, but a disregard for the rights of others. He had once punched a hole in the Fourth of July balloon to see what it was made of, and he had taken his aunt's great hall clock to pieces to see whether he could put it together again, and his father had threatened to send him away to school

if he meddled again with any one's property. And if there was anything in the world that Tom dreaded, it was to be sent away to school.

"I'm so sorry for poor Grandma Sherlock!" said Margery, their almost grown-up sister, at the table that night. "She is worrying herself into an illness because her satin square, which was all ready for her minister's wife's crazy quilt, is lost. It was the last piece of her mother's wedding dress. Just think, great grandmother Almore's wedding dress!"

Grandma Sherlock was only a distant relative of the Dowdens, but she had so many grandchildren and great-grandchildren that every one called her grandma.

"Grandma Sherlock said she never meant to have the dress cut up," continued Margery, "but Jonathan wanted his wedding vest made of it; and then Ruth Adelaide wanted a table scarf, and then there were only small pieces left, which the relatives begged for pin cushions. All were gone but this one piece, which grandma said she wouldn't have parted with for anything in the world but the minister's wife's quilt, and not for that if she hadn't been going to China as a missionary. It was beautiful thick satin, and Amelia Ellen had embroidered a butterfly on the square. They think that careless Betsy of theirs must have swept it up with the rags in the sewing-room. What is the matter with Tootsy? Her jam is choking her, and how pale she is!"

Tootsy was choking and pale, too, but she recovered herself by a great effort. What an awful face Tom was making at her! He had once confided to her that he had a spring inside, which caused these contortions when he was angry, and if he should get very angry it would wind him up so tightly that he would explode like a bomb shell.

"The quilt is to be put together Monday afternoon," continued Margery, Tootsy having been patted on the back and declared herself quite restored, "and Grandma Sherlock won't have another piece prepared. She is still searching for that one, and they're afraid it will make her ill, or even kill her, she is so old."

Tootsy was pale then, but no one was looking except Tom, who didn't take his eyes off her, and showed himself in readiness to "make a face."

Tootsy followed him out of doors, when they left the table.

"Oh, Tom, can't we tell and give it back?" she said. "But, oh, dear! I've put a binding on it of pink calico. I hadn't anything else, and I've puckered it all up, and sewed it on to Jane Jupiter; for she hasn't a good waist, you know, and everything drops off."

"Then I should think we could give it back!" said Tom.

"But, oh, Tom, what if poor Grandma Sherlock should die. Would we be hung?"

Tom, after a moment's reflection, decided that it might be just as well for Tootsy to think so.

"If we're not found out, we sha'n't be hung anyway!" he said. "See that you keep quiet!"

And off he went to Enos Hankey's house, leaving Tootsy quaking with fear. He found Enos with his rags heaped upon the floor, searching them over anxiously.

"It aint here, and I told 'em it wa'n't the first time I looked 'em over! It's a little piece of embr'idered satin that old lady Sherlock is goin' out of her mind about. Say, now, I forgot that you overhauled these rags. Did you see anything of a little piece of embr'idered satin?"

"Enos," said Tom solemnly, "you said you wanted to do something for me; now you have the chance. Don't ever tell anybody that I meddled with those rags. My father is orfe particular about some things."

"Then you did find it?" said Enos.

"Tootsy found some such rubbish, and she made it into doll's clothes, and spoiled it, I think," said Tom.

Enos Hankey sat down on his heap of rags and clasped his crooked knees dejectedly.

"Tin-peddlin' is the wearin' est trade," he said. "Folks are always blamin' me for somethin' they've lost, and think it must have been found in the rags. But I'll bear the blame, Tom; I aint forgotten that you helped me out of worse trouble than this, a sight worse; but I be onlucky."

Tom thought that he was "onlucky." Now that he felt sure the secret would be kept, his conscience began to trouble him.

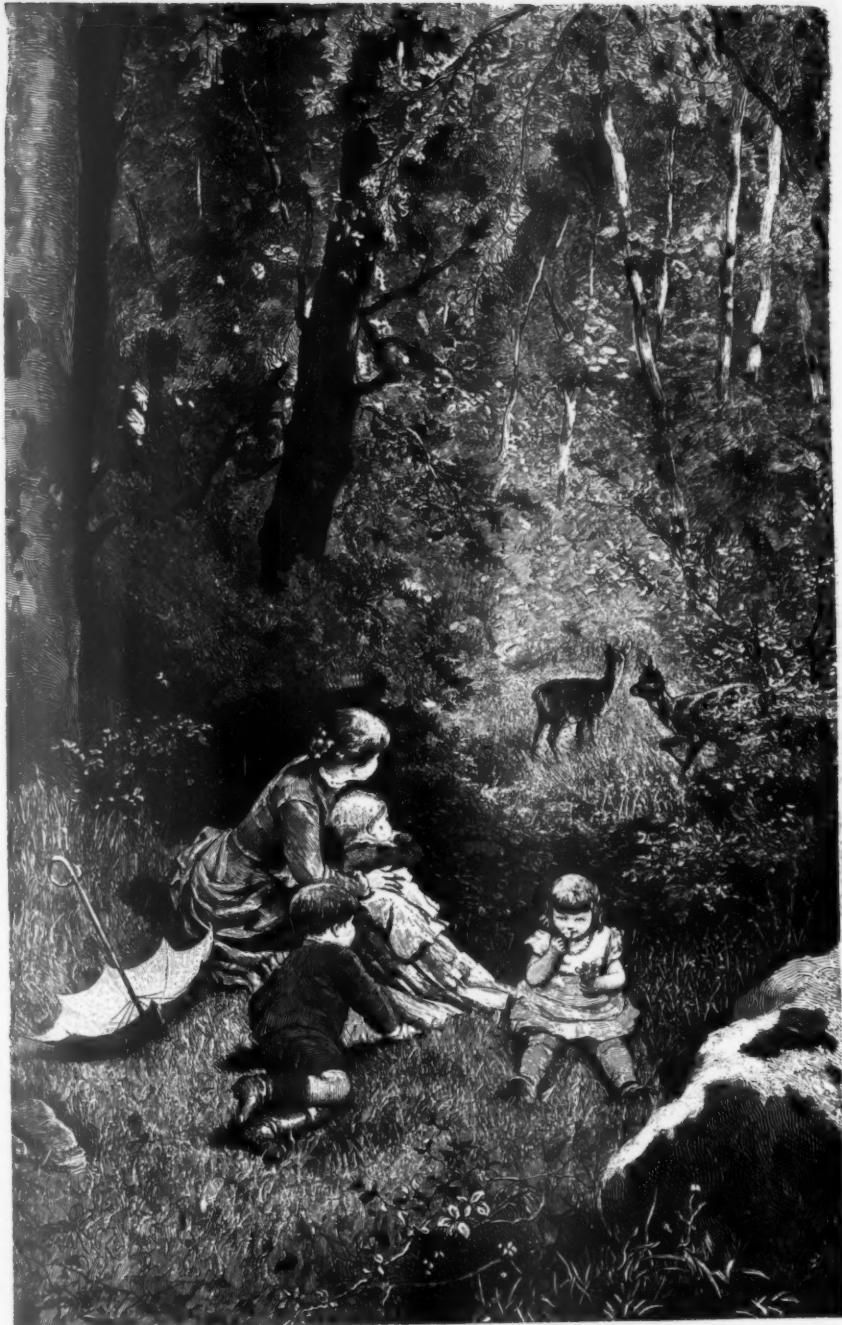
But he was not so miserable as Tootsy. She was so afraid that somebody would see Jane Jupiter's apron that she carried her up to the unfinished attic, where she had never dared to go alone before, and hid her in a cob-webby corner, where there might be mice; and that night she dreamed that Grandma Sherlock was a witch with a wand, and had turned both her and Jane Jupiter into butterflies, and Tom was sticking pins into them.

The minister's wife's quilt was being put together Monday afternoon, and half the ladies in the village had gathered together, among them Grandma Sherlock, whose sufferings had, perhaps, been exaggerated; for she had not "gone out of her mind." Into the midst of them suddenly rushed a pale, desperate little figure, with a throat full of sobs, and threw Jane Jupiter, cob-webby, disheveled, but still adorned with a resplendent apron, into Grandma Sherlock's lap.

"I found it in the rags, and I didn't know it was anybody's, and I spoiled it; and I didn't dare to tell, and I didn't dare to cut it off, for fear of spoiling it worse; and oh, I—I am so sorry!"

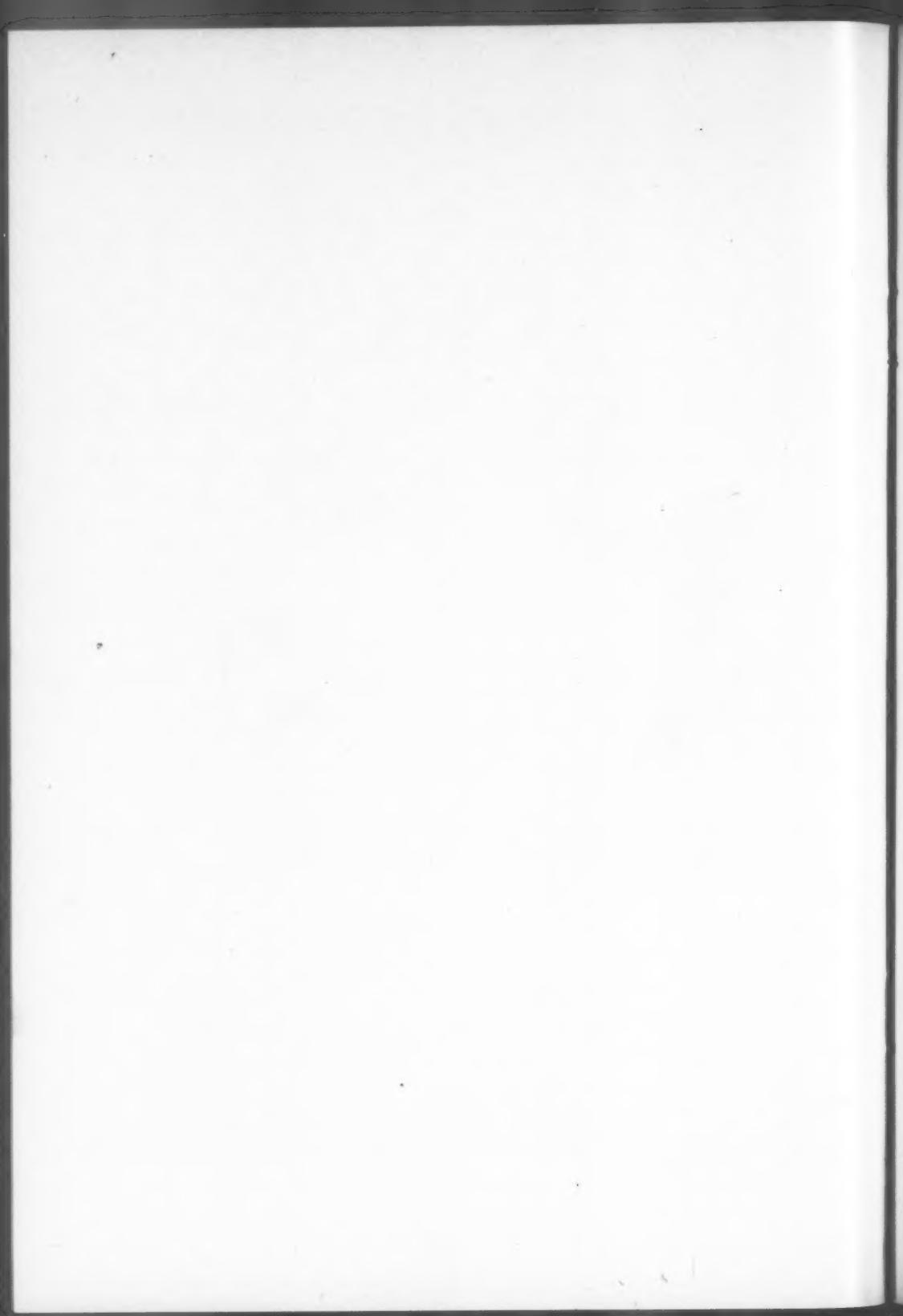
Nobody scolded. Everybody kissed and comforted her, and her mother said she was proud of her brave little girl, who had confessed at last. And the square of satin was made almost as good as new, and put into the quilt, and the minister's wife said she should prize it all the more because it had been Jane Jupiter's apron.

And Tootsy didn't have to tell of Tom at all. But, I am glad to say, Tom was manly enough to confess his share of the misdeed; and Tom's father did not send him away to school, but he talked to him in private, and the most severe things he said were about his unkindness to Tootsy; and they had so good an effect that for three months Tom has not "made a face," and Tootsy cherishes a hope that the spring is broken.



A FOREST IDYLL.

After a drawing of J. R. Wehle.



MY SAUCY VISITOR.

BY FRANK P. SMITH.

"WELL, sir, who are you?"

The voice that uttered these words was so very thin and squeaky that I scarcely heard it. I was sitting at my desk, which was covered with books and papers, trying to write a story for one of my little girls. I was so intent on my work that I did not look up, thinking that the voice was directed to somebody else, but continued to scratch away with all my might with my noisy quill pen.

"I say, who are you, and what are you doing? What a deafening noise you do make. It seems as if you were trying to scratch the world to pieces."

This time the voice was a little louder, and seemed to be directed toward me. It was the same squeaky thing that I had first heard, and, as I had reached the end of my paragraph as well as the end of my thoughts, I stopped to look about to see who it was speaking to me so saucily, without any introduction.

I glanced over my disordered table, but saw nothing except my books and papers, thrown hither and thither in literary confusion. I thought I must be mistaken about the voice. I thought it must have been a creature of my imagination. Vexed at the apparently causeless interruption, I began to fumble my hair for the purpose of stimulating my brains into renewed activity. Just as I was about to stop looking and resume my writing, I heard the voice again.

"Here I am. Don't you see me? Your eyes are big enough to see everything in this great world. Oh, my! What big eyes you have got, anyway. How they shine. They almost blind me."

Again I looked. I even turned over some of my papers and books, but I saw nothing.

"Here I am on this mountain. I have been here every day for more than two weeks, looking at you. I was awfully afraid of you at first, you were so big. You made such a thundering noise, I was afraid you would kill me."

This time my search was not in vain. Perched on a corner of one of my books, I saw a little creature in a yellowish jacket.

She wore the oddest looking bonnet that you ever saw. I cannot describe it very well; but there were stuck in the top of it two long things that looked like hairs. There were other short hairs, which, for all the world, made me think of pussy's whiskers.

My little friend was looking straight at me. She seemed almost afraid to breathe. She shook with fear, and, had my eyes been a powerful microscope, I think I should have seen that she was pale and that her eyes were flashing. As it was, I could see that she was ready to run away, if she saw any disposition on my part to harm her.

"Don't be so frightened," said I, just as kindly as I could. "I wouldn't hurt you. I would not kill you for a million dollars. What do you think I would kill you for?"

"If you will just stay where you are, and not move a bit, I will tell you. But what is a million dollars?" my little friend asked. "Are they a big picket fence that stands between you and me, and prevents you from reaching me? If they are, I can't see it, to save my life."

"I cannot explain what a million dollars are, if you don't know yourself. You wait until some other time. I want you to tell me now why you thought I would kill you."

"Well, If you will sit just where you are, I will tell you now. One day, when my husband and I were out on this mountain, looking for something to eat, a great creature (just like you, only the hair that should have been on his head was all over his face, which made him look like a bear) tried to kill us. We had to run for our lives; but as my husband, who has rheumatism, could not run as fast as I, the brute's—what do you call that thing that holds that other thing that makes so much noise?"

"Hand?" I said, trying to help her out with her awkward sentence.

"I say his big hand hit one of my husband's legs, and broke it just above the knee. He is home now, sick abed. We have had four doctors and two nurses every day since. He groans all the time, and he keeps me awake nights. I have not had a night's sleep for more than a month."

"I don't see how you can stand it," I replied. "I should be dead if I went so long without sleep. My little baby used to keep me awake by crying; but since she grew up to be a big girl, she keeps still nights."

"Well, I am almost dead," she replied. "I think I should be dead if I had not wanted to know what kind of a thing you are and what it is you are doing. I am just dying of curiosity. I have been here, as I have said, for two weeks to watch you and satisfy my curiosity. I was going to ask—"

Just as she said these words, I moved my hand, and she scampered off behind my table without completing her sentence.

I waited a long time for her to come back, and was about to begin writing, having fumbled my hair until I found a thought, when I heard :

"Hello, hello!"

"Hello yourself," I said, seeing my little friend peep above the edge of a book. "What made you run away? I was not going to do anything to you. Didn't I tell you I would not harm you for a million dollars?"

"Well, perhaps you might for two million dollars," replied my little friend.

"No, I wouldn't either," said I, much vexed at her want of faith in my word.

"Well, you acted just like the monster that broke my husband's leg. I don't want to have my leg broken. Would you like to have your leg broken?"

"No," said I.

"Well, as I was saying, I was going to ask you what kind of a thing you are; but I was so afraid that I did not dare speak. I tried for two weeks to screw up my courage, but I could not until to-day. I don't think that even to-day I should have spoken to you but for one thing."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"My husband has been scolding me for leaving him alone with four doctors and two nurses. He says they do not keep the flies off him. He says they are talking all the time, and they make his head ache. He wants me to stay at home and keep the flies off, and keep the doctors and nurses still. He wants me to turn out of doors all those annoying friends that call to find out how he is, and that ask so many foolish questions about whether the bones are knitting together or not. He wants to know, too,

where I go every day. He thinks no good wife ought to be leaving her husband to be bitten by flies and annoyed to death by doctors, nurses, and visitors. He said he was going to put a stop to my running about. He said, too, that, if I didn't stop, he would shut me up in the garret, when he got well, the way that Tim Bowring did his wife, who was always on the go. I want to tell you that my husband is an awfully cross man when he is sick, and it is about all I can do to get along with him when he is well. He makes me sweeten his coffee, and get his slippers, and, when the weather is hot, he wants me to fan him. Oh, I am so sorry I ever got married! Are you married?"

"Yes, I am; and I'm so happy, too, with my wife. But you were telling me why you did not speak to me before. You ought not to tell me about your husband."

"Well, I know I ought not. I think it is the meanest thing any woman can do, to talk about her husband to other people, but I had to explain how it was that I came to speak to you. I did not want to be shut up, and I did want to know who you are and what you are doing. So, between fear of my husband, who is determined to shut me up when he gets well, and fear of you, who, I thought, would kill me if I spoke to you, I had to do something, and I decided to speak to you. But, before I said a word, I got ready to run, if you didn't speak to me pleasantly. I do not like to have anybody talk cross to me, and before you spoke so nicely, I was so afraid that I choked, and I could not make you hear me the first time I spoke. I then got angry because you did not pay proper attention to me, and I spoke, I suppose, somewhat impatiently. Didn't I?"

"Yes, I think you did," I said.

"Well, do tell me what kind of a thing you are, and what is it you are doing here every day?"

"Well, my dear, said I in my sweetest way, "I am one of those poor creatures that write for their bread and butter."

"Oh, is that all you are? Well, I am sorry for you. Good-bye."

Before I could reply, my little friend had disappeared, and I never saw her again. When I asked some of my scientific friends about her, they said she was a cockroach.



SHALL ALL OUR DAUGHTERS BE MUSICIANS?

BY EMMA W. BABCOCK.

A VOLUME of "Plutarch's Lives," without which, says Emerson, the smallest library cannot afford to exist, lay upon a parlor table one day. Two ladies, who were calling upon the mistress of the house, sat awaiting her appearance. One of them took up the book to pass away an idle moment. She had never read it; it is doubtful if she had ever seen it before. But, after a glance at the 235th page, to which the book opened, she became convinced that it contained a message for her.

This woman and her husband had been discussing, with a good deal of interest, not to say warmth, the question of how much time and money should be expended on the musical culture of their daughter. They agreed that she had no special taste for it. After three years of competent instruction and somewhat faithful practice, it was still a difficult matter for her to sing with even ordinary correctness of tone. Her ear seemed defective or deficient in the power to distinguish thirds or fifths. She could play a passable accompaniment, wholly without feeling, however, and the hymns that the family liked to sing together on Sunday evenings; but she did not seek to express herself through music. The father was convinced that her time could be employed more profitably than in spending so much of it in what he felt to be a fruitless attempt to master an art for which she was not "called," or set apart by nature.

The mother, while acknowledging the truth of his convictions, and to some extent sharing them, felt a certain humiliation in confessing that what was possible and even delightfully easy for her neighbor's daughter, was impossible for her own. She her-

self had loved music, and longed for opportunities to study it in her youth. But, these being denied her, she had resolved upon her child's accomplishing what she had failed to realize, and she had been an urgent force compelling the child to spend day after day and month after month in drudgery, the hopelessness of which lay in the fact that not music, but noise, was the result.

The sentence in Plutarch, which her eyes fell upon, seemed to shed new light over the vexed question. "It was not said amiss by Antisthenes, when people told him that one Ismenias was an excellent piper. 'It may be so,' he said; 'but he is but a wretched human being; otherwise, he would not have been an excellent piper.' And King Philip, to the same purpose, told his son Alexander, who once at a merry-making played a piece of music charmingly and skillfully, 'Are you not ashamed, son, to play so well?'" For to obtain this skill, he argued that other more important things must have been neglected.

The call over, the mother walked thoughtfully home. Was it not true that her daughter might have been more profitably employed? If she had loved music so that an assurance would thus be given that, when mistress of her own time, she would still devote a portion, however small, to practice, that would be a different matter; for the busiest woman, if she loves music, or poetry, or books, will, unless crushed like a flower under a stone by abject poverty, find a little time for the child of her dreams. Indeed, she will feel that she owes it to herself not to be entirely absorbed in other things. Though not a philosopher in

outward seeming, she will agree with Herbert Spencer, when he says that "our thoughts are as children born to us, whom we may not carelessly let die." Such a woman will feel that in keeping still the love of something better than just meat and drink and wherewithal to be clothed, she is a broader-minded woman, and consequently is better fitted to do her part in the world as wife and mother, if that is her lot.

The mother's thoughts went on in this wise, and she remembered suddenly what Jean Paul Richter once said of music: "Away! Thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found, and shall not find." What would Jean Paul say to one who, after years of effort, could not play Mendelssohn's Spinning Song, so that it could be recognized by one that loved it and asked to have it played?

When the quiet hour came in which she and her husband were accustomed to talk

things over together, she said, with charming candor: "You are right; our daughter's development ought to be in the line of her taste. It is useless to try to live our lives over again in our children. They are individuals, and have their own characteristics. Our Elizabeth, from a very little girl, has had the careful hand and the quick eye of an experienced housewife. She has domestic instincts and has often begged of me to allow her to relieve me of special household cares, and I have always answered, 'But you music, Elizabeth!' The only good result of this is, that she has learned to be obedient under discouragements and adverse circumstances, and I have learned lessons of patience from my own child. I think I see clearly that to do very commonplace things well is, after all, better than to attempt the impossible. I am not at all sure but it is much more rare to have a daughter with her taste than to have a musical prodigy."

HOW TO CAN FRUIT.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

OF late years, the process of canning fruit has largely superseded the old-fashioned preserving. It is cheaper, less trouble, and, at least for all firm-fleshed fruits, makes a more wholesome article of diet.

But, although canning is believed to be a comparatively modern process, it differs very little from the bottling of our grandmothers. The theory of bottling was to rely little, and sometimes not at all, on cooking or sugar to preserve fruit, but on the exclusion of air. They sealed their bottles hermetically, and that is just what we do with the cans.

The idea to be got rid of with regard to fruits is, that the quantity of sugar used has any effect in their preservation. If they are hermetically sealed, they will keep as well without sugar; but the use of a moderate quantity is advisable, as it is very difficult indeed to sweeten fruit satisfactorily after it has been kept without, and the fact that no sugar is necessary is mentioned, not as a recommendation to use none, but simply as a truth to be fixed well in the mind.

There is a wonderful difference in the quality of canned fruits, even when the keeping qualities are equal, some being watery and tasteless, others rich and full flavored. Much of this may be due to the quality of the fruit, but I have known the same fruit to produce, in different hands, the most luscious results and quite ordinary ones.

The great essential to handsome, high-flavored, luscious canned or preserved fruit is that your peaches, pears, plums, or cherries should have been allowed to ripen on the tree. They should be just ripe, *but not at all over ripe*. Fruit can rarely be bought in cities under such conditions; it is gathered very unripe, and allowed to ripen during its transit. How necessary this method of gathering fruit may be, I do not pretend to say; but it is obvious that such fruit must lack the full, perfect flavor of that ripened on the tree, its juice slowly sweetening and enriching itself in the hot sun.

All those that live where fruit grows abundantly, even if they do not cultivate their own, may make the condition, when

ordering, that it is to be delivered when ripe. The fear of having no immediate customer for it if he leaves it on the tree will cause the farmer to gather it unripe, even when he only takes it to the village grocery for sale. Unripe, it will keep a few days; ripe, it needs to be used at once. But, even if the arrangement requires a special interview with the farmer, perhaps a walk or drive in order to make it, the improved quality of your preserves will amply repay you.

There are two well-known and long-tried modes of canning fruit, and a third, which I will call my own, since I know of no one that uses it, and I may say that I evolved it out of my gastronomic consciousness.

In the first place, have everything ready before you begin. Rapid work is necessary to success. See that every can is clean, every rubber ring perfect, and have the cans, with cover and ring by each can, on a large table, so arranged that the preserving pan will be on your right hand and an old tray or large platter immediately in front of you, on which to fill cans; and any fruit used must be perfectly sound and free from blemish; anything less than perfect had better be made into jam or marmalade.

Peaches, if fully ripe, are handsome if they are not pared; but if they are, put into boiling water, half a dozen at a time; the skin can be stripped from them as you would skin tomatoes. Drop them into a deep pan of very cold water, as you do tomatoes, taking care that they do not remain in the boiling water long enough to soften them. If you pare them, drop them also as you do tomatoes, into cold water, to prevent discoloring.

Plums of all kinds should be pricked with a large needle, to prevent bursting. The stem may be left on, if you like to have them resemble the fine imported fruits. Cherries may be pitted, but the flavor is not so fine as when canned with the stones in them. They may also have the stems left on, clipping off about half the length.

Make a syrup of sugar and water in the proportion of one pound of sugar to a tea-cup of water. Boil and skim, but do not stir it after it is once dissolved. Allow half a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, if you wish a rich confection. Drop the fruit into the syrup; let it boil gently till clear, but not at all broken. Carry the preserving pan

to the table. The cans should have been half filled with hot water to heat them when you drop in your fruit.

Your work now must be as rapid as possible. A can-filler will assist you. After emptying out the water into a vessel near you, fill each can to the neck with the fruit. Then pour in syrup *till it runs over*. Put on the cover and rubber immediately, and screw down, as closely as you can. Cover your hand with a towel in order to handle. The whole secret of hermetical sealing is to have the cover screwed on while the fruit is still very hot, and to have the cans so full that no air can get in. When cool, tighten again with the wrench that comes with the cans for the purpose.

A second way and one that is less trouble is to fill the cans with fruit and syrup, screw the tops partly on, cover the bottom of a wash boiler with hay, stand the cans in it, and insert whisps of hay between the bottles to prevent violent contact. Pour luke-warm water up to the neck of the cans, and then place a board and weights on them. Let them come gradually to the boiling point and boil from two minutes to a quarter of an hour, according to the size of the fruit. Remove each can carefully with a long, strong skimmer, and protect your left hand with a cloth, so that you can grasp the top. Tighten the top the moment you take it out, and do not set it in a draught or on a cold table; the sudden chill may crack your cans.

When these cool, the contents will have shrunken; but do not fill up or remove the covers, but tighten them again. Keep all preserves in a cool, dark place; if you cannot do that, paper each can, as light destroys the color.

The third, and what I have called "my way," is to boil in one or two quarts of water, according to the syrup needed, the fruit I have discarded as not fine enough for canning (not bad or decayed, of course), adding to it if there is not much bruising, small fruit, cutting up pears, peaches, etc. Boil rapidly till soft. Strain and squeeze, as you would for jelly. Use a cup of this juice just as you would the water to make syrup. Then proceed as in either of the foregoing recipes.

If you have pitted your cherries, you may restore some of the lost flavor by cracking

the stones, and adding the kernels, *uncooked*, as you remove the fruit from the fire. Do the same with peaches. The far better way with cherries is not to pit them.

Strawberries and raspberries are canned by

making a syrup and boiling it till it will remain in a bead if dropped on a cold plate. Drop in your fruit, heat it only to the boiling point, then can at once.

THE BATH FOR THE LITTLE ONE.

BY MRS. LOUISE A. CHAPMAN.

IF baby wakes early, as the healthy, active nineteenth century baby inclines to do, the first thing in order is the lunch, the bottle or mamma. After six or eight months, a plain milk cracker or a half slice of bread with which he can feed himself, is desirable and beneficial. Thus mamma has time to dress herself, or she can turn over for another nap, if blessed with the assistance of a trustworthy maid. Perhaps baby croons himself off to "cat nap number one" in the meantime, and wakes jovial and cheery, ready physically and in the interests of cleanliness, for his bath.

For the first eight months or more, an infants' tin bath-tub placed conveniently on a box or two chairs in the warm nursery, preferably uncarpeted, is the best possible place; the time, not within an hour after feeding. The temperature of the room should be above, rather than under, seventy degrees, and the temperature of the water for a young infant should not be over ninety-eight degrees, being gradually cooled as the child grows older, until at six months the water is only tepid or eighty-six degrees. The addition of a quantity of Ditman's sea salt is very beneficial in toughening a child susceptible to sudden colds. After carefully washing out the little mouth with your finger, covered with two thicknesses of old linen, wash the whole head, face, hair, and ears carefully, before introducing soap. The accumulation of brown dirt, which sometimes crusts the scalp, is caused by neglect of cleanliness.

Baby loves to sit in his tub while bathing, but he would object decidedly to a soaping and scrubbing on your knee. Work quickly on removing him from the water into your lap, in which is placed a receptacle of old flannel, or, better still, a bath-sheet made of one or two cheap cotton Turkish towels.

You will find that the soft texture of this complete envelope will, by the time you have dried the head and face cavities, dry him sufficiently to rub.

After the child is able to sit alone, he splashes so that both he and you will hail with delight his transfer to the family bath-tub. Be sure that doors and windows are carefully closed to prevent draughts. There is usually a circle of admirers to witness the play, which should be limited. This free exercise in air and water is hygienically useful. The vigor of the ancient Romans was largely due to their regular ablutions.

A thorough rinsing of tub, sponges, and towels prevents any possible contagion of cutaneous diseases. The very best remedy for chafing or excoriation of creases is a submersion and gentle sponging in tepid or cold water.

Carefully send the soiled linen to the laundry. Plenty of bathing and clean clothing are luxuries that even the very poor ought to afford. If you have not sufficient underwear to allow frequent changes, turn the garments wrong side out for their next term of service near the skin. Never put soiled clothes on a clean body.

Bernan says: "If any person will take the trouble to stand in the sun and look at his own shadow on a white, plastered wall, he will easily perceive that his whole body has a vapor exhaling. This vapor is subtle, acrid, and offensive to the smell. If retained in the body, it becomes morbid; but if re-absorbed, highly deleterious." When we consider that the skin throws off in twenty-four hours more effete matter than is discharged in the faeces, we will more correctly estimate the value of care of the skin.

After the demand for cleanliness has been complied with, the winter bath may be less frequent, say every other day, in cases of

weak children. Children should be accustomed to bathe at any hour in the day when necessary or convenient, except for an hour or so after meals. At this time, it can only prove an injury to digestion by calling to the surface bood that is needed by the stomach. During the warm weather, a cool sponge bath at evening will insure a tranquil night's sleep.

In various diseases of children, especially cutaneous and convulsive cases, the warm or hot bath is salvation. The real convulsion calls for an immediate submersion in hot water, which draws the surplus blood from the brain. At the same time, frequently changed cold wet cloths or ice bags should be applied all over the head, except the mouth and nostrils. In spasmodic croup, so sudden and fatal, the hot bath from 100° to 112°, with accessory draughts of fresh air or ammonia, has caused a saving relaxation of the glottis.

In eruptive diseases, the restless little ones may be bathed in a very warm room in clear or warm soda water, to their great relief. The swollen face and eyes of a child suffering from measles may be greatly reduced by

the inhalations of vapor arising from a basinful of hot vinegar and water.

The "growing" pains that appear in children from two to seven years of age from the waist down to the ankles are greatly relieved by rubbing and bathing with hot water and a little alcohol, or, better still, hot New England rum. Hot and cold fomentations and compresses are invaluable aids to the treatment of inflammatory diseases, such as rheumatism.

Sea bathing is not advised for babies, but after the age of "wading" arrives, it is a pure and wholesome delight. They may wade hours at a time, and bathe once or occasionally twice in a day with safety. Fresh water swimming for boys is not to be encouraged, as it is likely to induce a succession of boils on the thick parts of the body, aside from the real danger of submerging a heated, excited little body in every tempting wayside pond or river.

I believe that a habit of frequent bathing, first for health, then for cleanliness, afterwards for pleasure, is to be encouraged and advocated.

"THE PRETTIEST LITTLE PARLOR."

BY A TORTURED HUSBAND.

"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly; "'tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy." Yes, how pretty it is, this draped, be-ribboned, cat-tailed, embroidered, hand-painted parlor! In one corner stands a beautiful vase filled with golden wheat and trailing vines; in another, the gorgeous tail of a peacock spreads itself. The sunlight is shut out of the room by two or three sets of curtains; for sunlight, until it is mellowed by filtering through soft draperies, is too glaring and inartistic a thing for woman and her belongings. When the windows are not sacrificed to hangings, they are given up to window gardens, pedestals for vases and brasses, and even to our pictures, turned face side to the street, for the delight of the passer-by.

We sit in the dark corners and wish that we were roses, or lilies, or brasses, anything

to make us worthy of a ray of God's blessed sunshine. The wall is a background not only for pictures, but for banners, fans, flowers, and fiddles. The books are too fine, too large, and too heavy to be used, except as a health-lift. The chairs look comfortable and inviting; but they are only traps, wherein I may be made to feel the wrath of my wife. If I sit down, I shall surely crush that perk bow that rests so lovingly on the arm of that bamboo beauty, or tear the oriental scarf that decorates my favorite easy chair. Seeing that I had better not sit down, I think it would rest me to look at the new picture that came yesterday; but that is at the far end of the china shop, and the way is beset with milking stools, small tables, easels, and ottomans.

Yes, how pretty my wife's little museum is! Yet, how dusty it is! What a care it is! The ribbons fade, the draperies change

in fashion every year. The plaques and dainty work-pockets, the paper flowers and crewel cat pass on to the sitting-room, the sleeping-room, the attic, to make room for a new chopping-bowl, a spade, or some lovelier ornament; yet, my wife is so pleased with simple, inexpensive things that I am glad to gratify her taste for color and graceful form. That lovely screen which she made herself only cost forty-five dollars, and her mantle drape, with those natural-looking flowers, cost us just thirty. Any one must see what a saving it is to beautify our home with such trifles. Really good paintings and engravings cost so much, you know.

You might think, to peep into our draw-

ing-room, that we have everything that the heart can desire or the imagination devise; yet we have many actual wants unsatisfied. My wife, poor woman, has only eight pairs of vases, and no gilt and white chair; so I am planning, when her birthday comes, to give her two beauties in cameo glass which she has been longing for. We did think of going to the mountains for a vacation this summer, as my wife is not very strong; but she is such a thrifty little housewife that she says we must not be so extravagant this year; so we are going to stay at home and read the new *Life of Longfellow* and the late Mrs. Null, as soon as the embroidery and painting class adjourns for the summer.

HELPS ON WASHING DAY.

BY E. M. W.

THE burden of washing day has been much lessened of late by improved methods, in which the boiling process has been left out. The following plan is one of the best:

Throw the clothes into a tub and cover them with boiling hot suds, made very strong with soap or some approved washing fluid. Let them soak half an hour, then rub them, having the water as hot as your hands can bear. You will find the rubbing marvelously easy. The old notion that hot water scalds the dirt in has proved false; it scalds it out by melting the grease that holds it in the cloth. Wring out into another tub and turn on boiling hot water again, with or without soap. Stir well with the clothes stick, and let them scald from fifteen to thirty minutes; stir well again, wring out, and rinse through a warm, soft bluing water. Cold or hard water must not be used, for it will set the dirt. If obliged to use hard water for rinsing, throw in a handful of sal soda to soften it. Colored clothes are to be washed in the same way, but the suds need not be so strong, and they need soaking but ten minutes, after which they may be rinsed without going through the scalding water.

Put brown towels into a pail and turn on boiling suds. Stir well and let them soak

while the white clothes are being rubbed. Then rub these, put back into the pail, and turn on rinsing water as hot as you can bear your hands; wring and hang out. They will be beautifully clear. This system saves the use of one water and nearly half the work.

Wash flannels in hot suds, and to prevent shrinking they must be rinsed in water as hot as they were rubbed in. It is the sudden change from hot to cold water that causes the shrinkage. If the rinsing water is not hot enough, let the clothes stand a few minutes and cool to the right temperature. A handful of borax in the water tends to soften them.

Stains from tea and coffee will come out at once if they are taken immediately and held over a pail, while boiling water is turned on them. Old stains that have been set with soap may be bleached out on the grass and there is no better time than when the trees are in blossom.

The blackest mildew will yield readily to the following treatment: Pour a quart of boiling water on an ounce of chloride of lime. When it is dissolved, add three quarts of cold water. Into this put the garment, and let it soak twelve hours. If not very black, the spots will come out in less time.



The Cosmopolitan

THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY
AND ALL MANKIND ARE MY COUNTRYMEN

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COMPLETION OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE COSMOPOLITAN.

With this number, THE COSMOPOLITAN completes the first six months of its existence. As this number completes also the first volume, we have had carefully prepared an index, which will be found in another place. This index will be valuable to those binding their numbers of THE COSMOPOLITAN, and desiring to refer to the valuable and interesting articles contained in them."

A PROMISE FULFILLED.

That we have published a first-class low-price magazine, and thus fulfilled the promises made to our subscribers, an inspection of volume one will convince the most skeptical. Some of the best writers in the United States have contributed to its pages. It is only necessary to mention the names of Julian Hawthorne, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Arnold Burges Johnson, Edgar Fawcett, Dr. Chas. C. Abbott, William T. Hornaday, Jane Marsh Parker, Louise Chandler Moulton, Lucy C. Lillie, Joel Benton, Dr. Edward W. Bemis, Clara F. Guernsey, Professor W. C. Richards, Bessie Chandler, Professor Herbert Tuttle, Susan Hartley Swett, Sophie Swett, James Breck Perkins, and Clinton Scollard, to recall to mind contributions that have ranked in interest and value with those of any first-class publication in the United States. These writers are bright and entertaining, and their productions have been universally read and admired. They are never guilty of the protracted dullness that so often characterizes the great mass of magazine literature. In their writings is to be found the vivacity united with solidity, that is so rare and yet so pleasing and stimulating. The same thing may be said of Paul Heyse, M. Aug. Glardon, Alfonse Daudet, Leopold v. Sacher-Masoch, and other foreign writers whose articles have appeared in THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A NOVELTY IN MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

The wonderful success of THE COSMOPOLITAN has demonstrated the fact that the general reader demands brightness and brevity. He has neither the time nor the desire to wrestle with the labored and almost interminable articles that weigh down most monthly publications. He resents the idea that a writer must be dull in order to be instructive; must be long-winded in order to be profound and exhaustive; must, in a word, be unreadable in order to be worth reading. Consequently when THE COSMOPOLITAN appeared, he hailed it as a welcome and charming novelty in magazine literature and has found profit as well as pleasure in reading all of its articles.

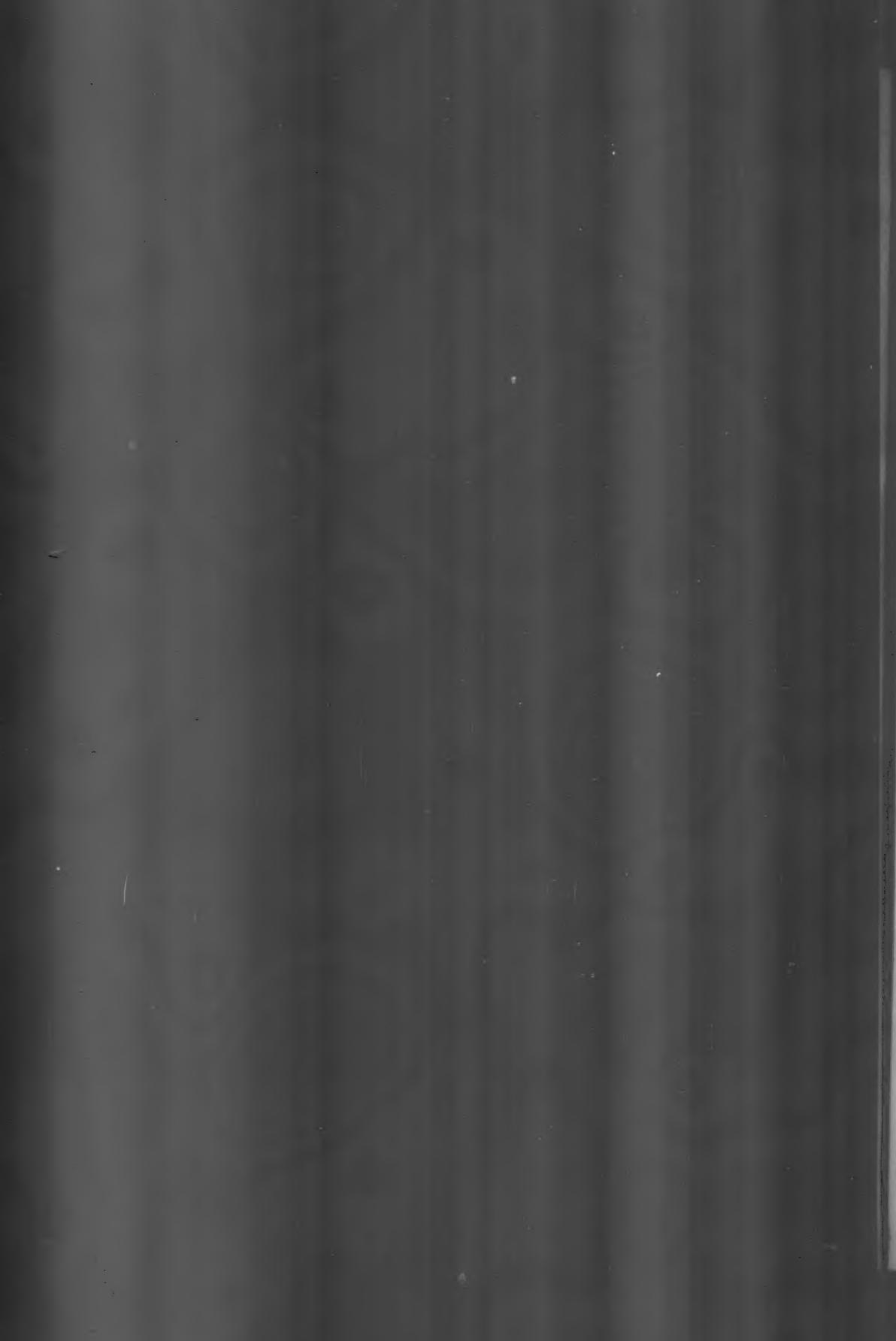
THE POLICY TO BE PURSUED.

So successful has been the policy already pursued, that it will be continued in the future. We shall place before the readers of THE COSMOPOLITAN, the best stories by domestic and foreign writers, the best articles of travel and adventure, the best articles on science, literature, etc., etc., that money can procure. The departments of "The Young Folks" and "The Household", will continue to maintain their high standard of excellence. In a word, THE COSMOPOLITAN will continue to be the best low-price magazine in the world.

PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We take pleasure in adding also that we shall continue to make the same premium offers to subscribers that we have made heretofore. In another place will be found descriptions of the SHANNON LETTER AND BILL FILE, and the SHANNON MUSIC BINDER, given to single subscribers, and the SHANNON FILING CABINET, given to those getting up clubs. As a special inducement to lawyers, we have added to our premium list the UNITED STATES DOCUMENT FILE, described in another place. To each subscriber we will give two document files.





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THE PRACTICAL WORKINGS

Of the Shannon File, and its superiority over other systems of filing papers, may be briefly enumerated as follows :

- 1 — Papers are not loose after being filed.
- 2 — Papers can be manipulated with the greatest of ease, without the possibility of disarrangement.
- 3 — Papers can always be conveniently examined without removal from the File.
- 4 — Note sheets, postal cards, letter sheets, etc., can be read on the File with equal facility.
- 5 — Any paper can be removed without disarranging the other papers.
- 6 — Papers from the same source may be filed by themselves, in order of date, without in the least disarranging the others.
- 7 — The convenience of the method is inherent in itself. It does not depend on the skill of those operating it.
- 8 — When a single File is used, very little room is taken up ; it may be hung at the side of a desk, or in any other convenient place.
- 9 — The accidental loss of papers, or change of the order in which filed, is impossible.

Producing as they do such desirable results, it need only be added that the filing of papers, and reference thereto, become a pleasure instead of a task.

A FEW OPINIONS

As to the value of The Shannon File as a Labor-Saving Office Device.

From I. F. Mack & Bro., Sandusky, Ohio.

We have used the Shannon Files for two years or more, and find them an indispensable convenience, saving in time far more than they cost ; and affording a complete, simple, and systematic reference File, at a much less cost than other Files we have examined.

From Anderson, Churchill, & Co., 84 Leonard Street, New York City.

We find the Shannon File to be very useful and satisfactory in every way for complete classification of papers, and for easy reference to same. We consider it indispensable.

From R. C. Tillinghast, Mfr. of Carriages and Sleighs, Cortland, N. Y.

I am much pleased with the Shannon Files I bought of you. In attending to my business relations with houses in all parts of the country, I see many methods of filing letters, but I have never seen anything which I consider as good as yours.

From the Rochester German Insurance Company, Rochester, N. Y.

We have in use in this office some two dozen Shannon Files, and find them a very great convenience. They have supplanted with us all other Files that we had previously used.

From Wyckoff, Seamans, & Benedict, New York City.

The Shannon Files in use in our office are giving excellent satisfaction. We have compared them carefully with others, and consider them on the whole superior to any other File with which we are acquainted. It gives us pleasure to offer you this testimonial.

We have hundreds of similar testimonials in our possession.

THE IMPROVED
**Shannon Letter and Bill File
 AND FILING CABINET.**

The Shannon Binding Case is made to receive papers filed on the Shannon File when the latter is full. They are transferred in the form of a book, and at one operation. Any paper can be found in the Binding Case with the same readiness as on the File. Any paper may be removed from the Binding Case without disarranging any of the other papers. The papers in the Binding Case are free from dust and observation, and form a compact and handsome package. They cost but \$4.50 per dozen, or only 37½ cents for taking care of 700 papers.



Closed Binding Case.



Cabinet File Drawer.

These Filing Cabinets are made in many sizes, ranging from five File-Drawers to one hundred or more. They are substantially made of the best seasoned Black Walnut, with and without doors, and nickel-plated fittings, and can be arranged for any class of correspondence, and are adapted to any requirement.



Five Drawer Shannon Filing Cabinet.

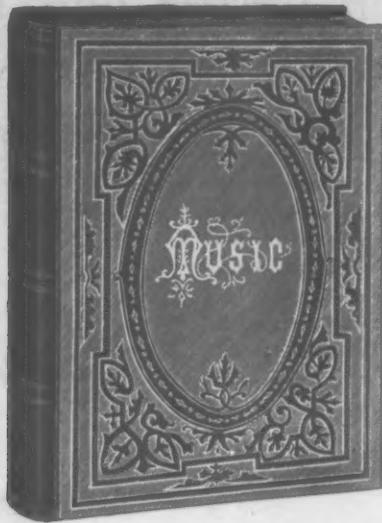
Prices of Improved Shannon Files and Cases.

No. 2.	Note, size, 7x12,	-	\$2.15	each.	Binding Cases,	-	\$4.00	per doz.
No. 4.	Letter, " 9x14½,	-	2.25	"	" "	-	4.50	"
No. 6.	Invoice, " 9½x17,	-	2.40	"	" "	-	5.00	"

The above includes Board, Arch, Index, Perforator and C. C. Cover.

Illustrated Catalogue sent on application.

The Shannon Sheet-Music Binder.



DESCRIPTION OF THIS POPULAR PREMIUM FOR LADIES.

While the Shannon File is an invaluable labor-saving device for ladies who have letters, papers, bills, etc., that they desire to keep in a compact form, admitting of easy reference, we find that many of them prefer the Shannon Sheet-Music Binder as their premium for **THE COSMOPOLITAN**.

We cannot blame them for their preference, for the **Shannon Sheet-Music Binder** is certainly the cheapest, handsomest and most convenient device for holding and preserving sheet music from wear and loss, that was ever invented. It permits the removal of any piece of music without mutilation, and without disarranging the other sheets.

The inconvenience of binding music in book form is well known. A book is always provokingly troublesome; when open, its leaves will not stay in place, as in the **Shannon Music Binder**, which does not require clasps to keep them flat. Moreover, old music cannot be taken out of a book without mutilating it. With the **BINDER**, such music can be displaced without trouble, and new music substituted. Finally, for sheet music worn out at the fold, a so-called false back is made, enabling persons having worn-out music, to make it as good as new at a trifling expense.

As will be seen by the above cut, the Binder is a beautiful as well as a useful ornament. The cover is of strong cloth, tastefully embossed and lettered in gold. The **BINDER** is as simple as it is beautiful, and requires no special skill or knowledge to use it.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE WRITER.

Unequaled for Ease of Manipulation, Rapid Writing, Quality of Work, Simplicity, and Durability. Fully War- ranted and Guar-anteed.



Purchasers are always permitted to return by Express C. O. D. for full list price at any time within thirty days, thus giving an opportunity for comparison with other machines. Handsome pamphlet upon applica-tion.

A FULL LINE OF
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339 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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MACHINE SEWED. HAND MADE.

AMONG OUR SPECIALTIES ARE

HAND WELTS,

HAND TURNS,

WAUKENPHASTS,

LOUIS QUINZE SHOES.

UNSURPASSED FOR PERFECT FITTING.



Medals awarded in 1884-5 : NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION. LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.
Jury of Award at Louisville stated in their report, "No display excels this in beauty of workmanship."
Send a postal for the name of the dealer in your place selling our goods.

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THE NEW METHOD OF MAKING PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE CONTINUOUS WEB.



OUR recently perfected system of FILM PHOTOGRAPHY enables any one to take photographs without the impedimenta heretofore necessary. No Glass! No Double Holders! No Changing of Plates! Weight of Apparatus Minimized! One of our Roll-Holders, loaded with a spool of Negative Paper, and weighing 2 or 3 pounds, attached to the camera, will make 24 or 48 negatives, simply by turning a key; replacing glass plates and apparatus weighing twenty-five pounds.

INDORSED BY ALL THE LEADING AUTHORITIES:

"Delighted with Roll-Holder; shall use it exclusively for all my landscape work—shall teach its management to all my students." W. H. PICKERING, Prof. Chemistry, Mass. Institute Technology.

"Send me Roll-Holder. Have such good luck with paper that I have given up glass plates. Seem surer of success with paper." MAURICE PERKINS, Prof. Chemistry, Union College.

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THE CELEBRATED WOOTON DESKS.

Everybody Delighted with them.



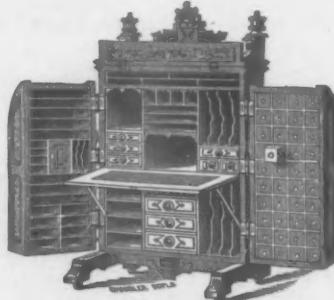
FLAT TOP—NO. 8—ROTARY DESK.

We here present cuts of two of our most popular styles of Rotary Desks. Awkward closets and side drawers done away with. We substitute revolving cases on the ends. The principle is a great success, and purchasers everywhere express themselves delighted. Made in a great variety of patterns, in Walnut, Cherry and Mahogany.



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We unhesitatingly pronounce this the handsomest and most attractive Low Roll-Top Desk in the market. Locks automatically with one key.



THE CABINET SECRETARY.

The most spacious and elegant desk ever presented. 110 compartments, as shown in cut, all under one lock and key. 40 pigeon-holes in the right wing, filled with filing boxes. A universal favorite as an adornment for either office or library. Made in three sizes. For full details of all the above, and other styles, send 5 cent stamp to

HAYNES, SPENCER & CO.,

Richmond, Ind., U. S. A.

Dickerman Pat. Hammerless Single-Barrel Shot Gun.
DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR TRAP SHOOTING.

12-GAUGE NOW READY.
 Weight 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 lbs.
 10-Gauge ready about Sept. 1st.



Warranted to throw 300
 No. 8 Shot in 30-inch
 Circle at 33 yards.

ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Automatic Safety, Pistol Grip, Double Bolt, Rubber Butt Plate, Full Choke, Blued Frame, with Twist, Laminated or Damascus Barrels.

The Top Snap is utilized as the lever for cocking the hammer as well as breaking up the gun. The leverage is so adjusted that the gun is broken up and hammer cocked as easily as an ordinary gun with simple top snap is broken up. By the same movement of the top snap the safety bolt is forced under the forward part of the trigger, locking the latter firmly into the bent of the hammer. The Safety Button is located just in front of the trigger, and is fully protected by the guard (as shown in cut). Pronounced by the trade and sportsmen generally the **Finest Single Gun** made.

Interchangeable Rifle Barrels of all calibers furnished for these guns if desired. Send for circular.

Manufactured by the **STRONG FIRE ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.**

The Parker Gun.



PARKER BROTHERS, Makers,
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At the Second International Clay-Pigeon Tournament, held at New Orleans, La., Feb. 11 to 16, 1885, the First Prize and Diamond Badge in the Individual Championship Match, open to all the world, was won by B. Tiepel with a Parker Gun. Among the contestants shooting other guns were such champions as Carver, Bogardus, Cody, Stubbs, Erb, and others. During the entire tournament more prizes were won with Parker Guns, in proportion to the number used, than with any other gun.



OPIUM and WHISKY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent free.
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 Write us for Catalogue of our different styles of Wagons and Buggies
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At prices to suit everybody.

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Mention this Paper. 35 Liberty St., N. Y.

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THE "CLUB" TANDEM.

239 COLUMBUS AVENUE,
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Machines sold on installments if desired.

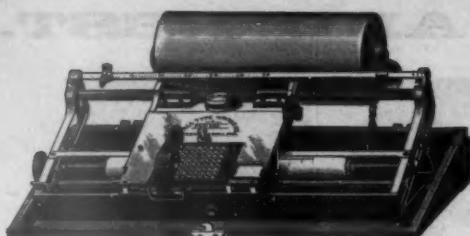
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Say where you saw the advertisement.



day. I find it is the easiest writer I ever worked and the work I turn out never fails to be highly complimented."—J. M. Findley, Court Stenographer, Gainesville, Ga., March 9, 1886.

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AILS YOU?

*Geo. Stoddard
Chemist and Druggist.*

Do you feel generally miserable or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of "gonesness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning and a constant feeling of dread as if something awful was about to happen.

If you have any or all of these symptoms send 26 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD, druggist, 1228 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y., and I will send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders pleasant to take and easy directions, which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure it from one to three weeks time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (48) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

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TESTIMONIAL.

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HEALTH AND REST.



THE SANATORIUM, AT DANSVILLE, N. Y.

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DRS. JACKSON & LEFFINGWELL, DANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

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Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies the Skin
No other cosmetic
will do it.



I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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(a patient): "As you ladies will use them
I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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Travel for pleasure and observation in select party. The annual fall and winter party for Belgium, France, Italy and England, leaves New York Oct. 9th. De Potter's 2d Grand Tour Around the World in 1887-'88. For Programs &c., see "The Old World and European Guide," 100 pp., (illustrated) sent post free for Ten cents. Read "Six Weeks in old France," by L. M. A. Address, A. DE POTTER, Tourist Director and Publisher, Albany, N. Y.

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\$50 WEEKLY EASILY EARNED!

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Advertisers want to know how you heard of them.

Common Sense Chairs, Settees and Rockers.



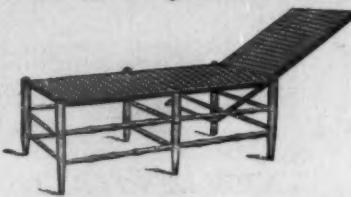
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No light, trashy stuff, but good, honest, home
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Hearts and hands together,
Where our "fireside comfort" sits
In the coldest weather.
Oh! they wander wide who roam
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This most exquisite of Toilet Preparations, the virtues of which have caused it to be in demand in all Civilized Countries, stands

PRE-EMINENT FOR PRODUCING A SOFT COMPLEXION
It is acknowledged by thousands of ladies who have used it daily for many years to be the only preparation that does not roughen the skin, burn, chap, or leave black spots on the pores, or other discolourations. All coincide by saying, "It is the best preparation for the skin I have ever used." "It is the only article I can use without making my skin smart and rough." "After having tried every article, I consider your Medicated Complexion Powder the best, and I cannot do without it." Sold by all Drug-gists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

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IMPROVED PATENT GRANTED.

Will extract the last drop of juice from large or small lemons in five seconds, and a child can easily operate it.

Gets more and better juice than any squeezer, extracting none of the poison from the rind, is worth more than three of the best squeezers and sells for 10 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents, in 2 cent stamps, or \$1.44 per dozen. Large discount to the trade. Ask your Grocer, Hardware and Notion Merchants for them.

AGENTS WANTED. THEY SELL AT SIGHT.

All orders or communications should be addressed to the patentee and sole manufacturer.

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Full, High, or Low
fresh, salt, Mineral,
Vapor and Water—
Water Bath.

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Many Thousands in
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Grind your own Bone,
Meal, Oyster Shells,
GRAHAM Flour and Corn
in the **GRIND AND MILL**
(F. Wilson's Patent), 100 per
cent more meat in keeping pens.
Also **POWER MILLS** and **FARM**
FED MILLS. Circulars and Testimonials sent
on application. **WILSON BROS.**, Easton, Pa.

The Fairy Tricycle.

EASY. GRACEFUL. ELEGANT.



The motion and position of the rider are healthful, pleasant and invigorating. It is finely finished and upholstered. Has the fewest frictional bearings possible; runs the easiest; no chains or gearing to catch or tear clothing. Durable and strong. A good hill climber, and can be ridden where other machines fail.

It is the Perfection of All.

Children's sizes, with steel or rubber tires, 24, 28 or 32 inch rear wheels. Sizes for adults and invalids with steel or rubber tires, 36 and 42 inch rear wheels. Agents wanted. If your dealers do not keep them send direct to

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Mention this Magazine.



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Conservatory
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OLDEST in America; LARGEST and
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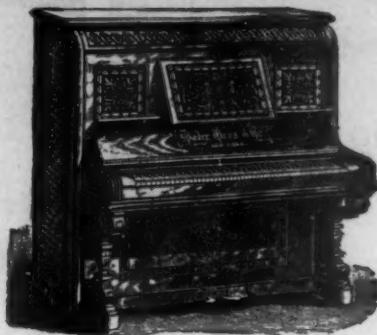
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